NEW YORK CLIPPER

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SHILLELAGH FIGHT IN IRELAND.

A THRILLING RECITAL.

The following description of a "Shillelagh Fight in Ireland," is taken from a work on the "Traits and Species of the Irish Peasantry." The writer was an eye-witness of the desperate conflict which he so thrillingly describes:

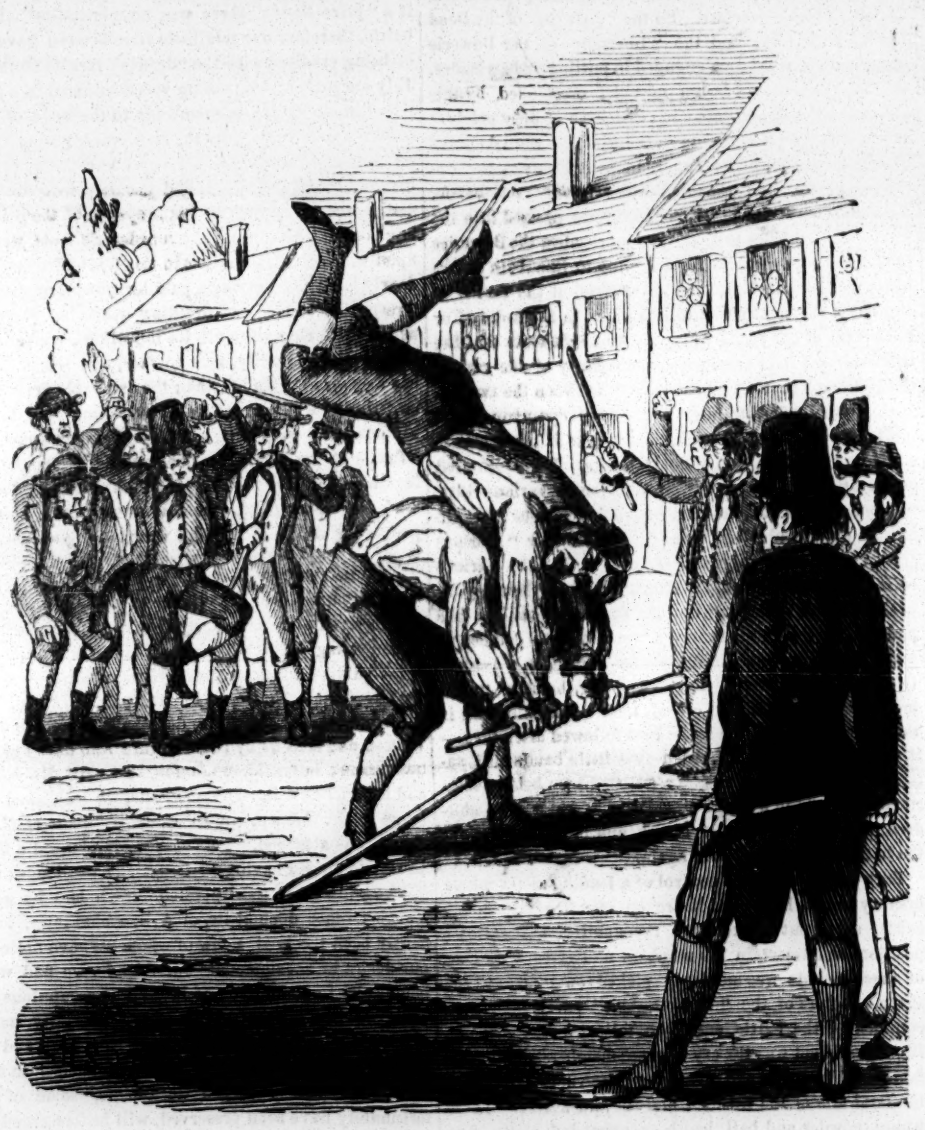
Ere the quarrel commenced, you might see a dark and hateful glare scowling from the countenances of the two parties, as they viewed and approached each other in the street; the eye was set in deadly animosity, and the face marked with an ireful paleness, occasioned at once by revenge and apprehension. Groups were silently hurrying with an eager and energetic step to their place of rendezvous, grasping their weapons more closely, or grinding their teeth in the impatience of their fury. The veterans on each side were surrounded by their followers, anxious to act under their direction; and the very boys seemed to be animated with a martial spirit, much more eager than that of those who had greater experience in party quarrels. Jem Finigan's public house was the head quarters and rallying point of the Ribbonmen; the Orangemen assembled in that of Joe Sherlock, the master of an Orange lodge. About six o'clock, the crowd in the street began gradually to fall off to the opposite ends of the town; the Roman Catholics towards the north, and the Protestants towards the south. Carson's window, from which I was observing their motions, was exactly half way between them, so that I had a distinct view of both. At this moment I noticed Denis Kelly coming forward from the closely condensed mass formed by the Ribbonmen; he advanced, with his cravat off, to the middle of the vacant space between the two parties, holding a fine oak cudgel in his hands. He then stopped, and addressing the Orangemen, said, "Where's vengeance and his crew now? Is there any single Orange villain among you that dare come down and meet me here, like a man? Is John Grimes there? for if he is, before we begin to take you *off a face*—to hunt you altogether out of the town, ye Orange villains—I would be glad that he'd step down to Denis Kelly here, for two or three minutes; I'll not keep him longer."

There was now a stir and a murmur among the Orangemen, as if a rush was about to take place towards Denis; but Grimes, whom I saw endeavoring to curb them in, left the crowd, and advanced towards him. At this moment, an instinctive movement among both masses took place; so that when Grimes had come within a few yards of Kelly both crowds were within two or three perches of them. Kelly was standing apparently off his guard, with one hand thrust carelessly in the breast of his waistcoat, and the cudgel in the other; but his eye was fixed calmly upon Grimes as he approached. They were both powerful, fine men, brawny, vigorous, and active. Grimes had somewhat the advantage of the other in height; he also fought with his left hand, from which circumstance he was nicknamed Kitthogue. He was a man of dark, stern looking countenance; and the tones of his voice were deep, sullen, and of appalling strength. As they approached each other, the windows on each side of the street were crowded; but there was not a breath to be heard in any direction, nor from either party. As for myself, my heart palpitated with anxiety. What they might have felt, I do not know; but they must have also experienced considerable apprehension; for as they were both champions of their respective parties, and had never before met in single encounter, their characters depended on the issue of the contest.

"Well, Grimes," said Denis, "sure I've often wished for this same meeting, man, between myself and you; I have what you're goin' to get in store for you this long time; but you'll get it now, avick, please God ——."

"It was not to scold I came, you popish, ribly rascal," replied Grimes, "but to give you what you're long —."

Ere the word had been out of his mouth, however, Kelly sprung over to him; and, making a feint as if he intended to lay the stick on his ribs, he swung it past without touching him, and bringing it round his own head like lightning, made it tell with a powerful backstroke right on Grimes' temple, and in an instant his face was sprinkled with the blood which sprung from the wound. Grimes staggered forward towards his antagonist, seeing which, Kelly sprang back and was again meeting him with full force, when Grimes, turning a little, clutched Kelly's stick in his right hand, and being left handed himself, ere the other could wrench the cudgel from him, he gave him a terrible blow upon the back part of the head, which laid Kelly in the dust. There was now a deafening shout from the strange party, and Grimes stood until Kelly should be in the act of rising, ready to give another blow. The coolness and generalship of Kelly, however, were here very remarkable; for, when he was just getting to his feet, "look at your party coming down upon me," he exclaimed to Grimes, who turned around to order them back, and, in the interim, Kelly was upon his legs. I was now surprised at the coolness of both men; for Grimes was by no means inflated with the boisterous triumph of his party; nor did Denis get into a blind rage on being knocked down. They now approached again, their eyes kindled into savage fury tamed down into the wariness of experienced combatants; for a short time they stood eyeing each other, as if calculating upon the contingent advantages of attack of defence. This was a moment of great interest; for, as their huge and powerful frames stood out in opposition, strung and dilated by the impulse of passion and the energy of contest, no judgment, however experienced, could venture to anticipate the result of the battle, or name the person likely to be victorious. Indeed it was surprising how the natural sagacity of these men threw their attitudes and movements into scientific form and elegance. Kelly raised his cudgel and placed it transeversely in the air, between himself and his opponent; Grimes instantly placed his against it, both weapons forming a cross; whilst the men themselves stood foot to foot, calm and collected. Nothing could be finer than their proportions, nor superior to their respective attitudes; their broad chests were in a line—their thick, well set necks, laid a little back, as was their bodies, without, however, losing their balance; and their fierce, but calm features, grimly, but placedly scowling at each other, like men who were prepared for the onset.



THE FIGHT.

At length Kelly made an attempt to repeat his former feint with variations, for, whereas he had sent the first blow to Grimes' temple, he took measures now to reach the left, his action was rapid, but equally quick was the eye of his antagonist, whose cudgel was in ready guard to meet the blow—it met it, and with such surprising power was it sent and opposed, that both cudgels, on meeting, beat across each other into curves. An involuntary huzza followed this from their respective parties—not so much on account of the skill displayed by the combatants, as in admiration of their cudgels, and of the judgment with which they must have been selected; in fact, it was the staves, rather than the men, that were praised; and certainly the former did their duty. In a moment their shillelaghs were across each other once more, and the men resumed their former attitudes; their savage determination, their kindled eyes, the blood which disfigured the face of Grimes, and begrimed also the countenance of his antagonist into a deeper expression of ferocity, occasioned many a cowardly heart to shrink from the sight. There they stood, gory and stern, ready for the next onset; it was made first by Grimes, who tried to practice on Kelly the feint which Kelly had before practised on him. Denis, after the usual manner, caught the blow in his open hand, and clutched the staff, with an intention of holding it until he might visit Grimes—now apparently unguarded—with a level blow, but Grimes' effort to wrest the cudgel from his grasp, drew all Kelly's strength to that quarter, and prevented him from availing himself of the other's defenceless attitude. A trial of muscular power now ensued, and their enormous bodily strength was exhibited in the stiff tug for victory. Kelly's address now prevailed, for while Grimes pulled against him, with all his collected vigor, the former suddenly let go his hold, and the latter having lost his balance, staggered back, lightning could not be more quick than the action of Kelly, as, with tremenduous force, his cudgel rung on the unprotected head of Grimes, who fell, or rather was shot to the ground, as if some superior power had dashed him against it; and there he lay for a short time, quivering under the blow he had received.

A peal of triumph now arose from Kelly's party; but Kelly himself, placing his arms akimbo, stood calmly over his enemy, awaiting his return to the conflict. For nearly five minutes he stood in this attitude, during which time Grimes did not stir; at length, Kelly stooped a little, and peering closely at him, exclaimed:

"Why, then, is it acting you are! any how, I wouldn't put it past you, you cunning vagabond; 'tis lying to take breath he is—get up, man; I'd scorn to touch you till you're on your legs; not all as one, for sure it's yourself would show me no such forbearance—up with you, man alive, I've none of your own treachery in me. I'll not rise my cudgel till you're on your guard."

There was an expression of disdain mingled with a glow of honest manly generosity on his countenance, as he spoke, which made him at once the favorite with such spectators as were not connected with either of the parties. Grimes rose, and it was evident that Kelly's generosity had deepened his resentment more than the blow which had sent him so rapidly to the ground; however, he was still cool, but his brows knit, his eyes flashed with double fierceness, and his complexion settled into a dark blue shade, which gave to his whole visage an expression fearfully ferocious. Kelly hailed this as the first appearance of passion, his brow expanded as the other approached, and a dash of confidence, if not of triumph, softened, in some degree, the sternness of his features.

With caution they encountered again, each collected for a spring, their eyes gleamed at each other like tigers. Grimes made a motion as if he would have struck Kelly with his fist; and, as the latter threw up his guard against the blow, he received a stroke from Grimes' cudgel, in the under part of the right arm—this had been directed at his elbow, with an intention of rendering the arm powerless; it fell short, however, yet was sufficient to relax the grasp which Kelly held of his weapon. Had Kelly been a novice, Grimes' stratagem alone would have soon vanquished him; his address, however, was fully equal to that of his antagonist. The staff dropped instantly from his grasp, but a stout thong of black polished leather, with a shining tassel at the end of it, had bound it securely to his massive wrist; the cudgel, therefore, only dangled from his arm, and did not, as the other expected, fall to the ground, or put Denis to the necessity of stooping for it—Grimes' object being to have struck him in that attitude.

A flash of indignation now shot from Kelly's eye, and with the speed of lightning, he sprung within Grimes' weapon, determined to wrest it from him. The grapple that ensued was gigantic. In a moment Grimes' staff was parallel with the horizon between them, clutched with the powerful grasp of both. They stood exactly opposite, and rather close to each other; their arms sometimes stretched out stiff and at full length, again contracted, until their faces, glowing and distorted by the energy of the contest, were drawn almost together. Sometimes the prevailing strength of one would raise the staff slowly and with gradually developed power up in a perpendicular position; again this reaction of opposing strength would strain it back, and sway the weighty frame of the antagonist, crouched and set into desperate resistance along with it, whilst the hard pebbles under their feet were crumbled into powder, and the very street itself furrowed unto gravel by the shock of their opposing strength. Indeed, so well matched a pair never met in contest; their strength, their wind, their activity, and their natural science appeared to be perfectly equal. At length, by a tremendous effort, Kelly got the staff twisted nearly out of Grimes' hand, and a short shout, half encouragement, half indignation, came from Grimes' party; this added shame to his other passions, and threw an impulse of almost superhuman strength into him; he recovered his advantage, but nothing more; they twisted; they heaved their great frames against each other—they struggled—their actions became rapid; they swayed each other this way and that—their eyes like fire—their teeth locked, and their nostrils dilated. Sometimes they twined about each other like serpents and turned round with such rapidity, that it was impossible to distinguish them—sometimes when a pull of more than ordinary power took place, they seemed to cling together almost without motion, bending down until their heads nearly touched the ground, their cracking joints seemed to stretch by the effort, and the muscles of their limbs standing out from the flesh strung into amazing tension.

In this attitude were they, when Denis with the eye of a hawk, spied a disadvantage in Grimes' position; he wheeled round, placed his broad shoulder against the other, and giving him what is called "an inside crook," strained him, despite of every effort, until he fairly got him on his shoulder, and off the point of resistance. There was a cry of alarm from the windows, particularly from the females, as Grimes' body was swung over Kelly's shoulder, until it came down in a crash upon the hard gravel of the street, whilst Denis stood in triumph, with his enemy's staff in his hand. A loud huzza followed this from all present except the Orangemen, who stood bristling with fury and shame for the temporary defeat of their champion.

Denis again had his enemy at his mercy, but he scorned to use his advantage ungenerously; he went over, and placing the staff in his hands—for the other had got to his legs—retrograded to his place and desired Grimes to defend himself.

After considerable manœuvring on both sides, Denis, who now appeared to be the more active of the two combatants, got an opening at his antagonist, and, by a powerful blow upon Grimes' ear, sent him to the ground with amazing force. The shout was again raised by the Ribbonmen, who threw up their hats, and bounced from the ground with the most vehement exultation. Both parties then waited to give Grimes time to rise to renew the battle, but he seemed perfectly content to remain where he was, for there appeared no signs of life or motion in him. "Have you got your gruel, boy?" said Kelly, going over to where he lay;—"Well, you met Denis Kelly, at last, didn't you? and there you lie, but plase God, the most of your sort will soon lie in the same state."

A RAT STORY.

The Manchester Mirror says that a few nights since, the little son of a Mr. Dustin, about three years old, who slept in a "trundle bed," awakened his parents, who occupied a position in the same apartment just a trifle more elevated, by the most terrific screams. On going to his relief, he was found bathed in blood, and the bed clothes were also very bloody. On examination the blood was found to come from wounds on his finger, where the marks of teeth could be plainly seen; and as the room was shut up tight, with no means of ingress larger than the sink-spout, up which rats sometimes come, the affair was laid to their charge, and no doubt justly. We can believe it the more readily from the fact that we also once suffered in a similar manner. It was at Charleston some years since, when, being suddenly aroused from a deep sleep at midnight by something frisking about our face, we raised a hand and vigorously brushed it away. The next instant we felt a sharp and piercing sensation in the tip of the second finger, to which the *something* was evidently clinging; and as we threw the hand sharply over, a sound as of the falling of some slight, soft substance upon the floor was heard. We next felt that we were wounded; and hurriedly getting up and striking a light, we found a good-sized mouse stunned upon the floor, and the blood literally flowing in a stream from two delicate little punctures in the end of the finger, beyond all doubt caused by the tiny but sharp teeth of the little rascal by the side of the bed—who, however, we are proud to say, was never afterwards guilty of similar unhandsome conduct. "Alone we did it!"

A STONE EATER.

We saw this morning, near the depot, a singular specimen of humanity, who was gathering contributions of money from the spectators, and repaid them by swallowing pebbles. We saw six stones, weighing from one to two ounces each, swallowed successively by this man, and were assured by others that he had within an hour swallowed nearly fifty of the same sort. There was no deception in the matter. The man crossed his hands upon his back and allowed any one of the spectators to drop the stones in his mouth, and each was plainly swallowed. He was content to swallow the stones at the rate of two cents apiece as long as the spectators would furnish the money.

This singular being is a German of diminutive size, lean but apparently healthy. A gentleman present, who could converse with him in the German language, gathered from him that he was fifty-four years old, and had been in the habit of swallowing stones since he was eighteen years old, and earned his living in that way—often swallowing fifty a day. He said he experienced no uneasiness or painful sensation while the stones were in his stomach or intestines, and that they readily passed away with fecal matter.—*Rochester Union*, June 16.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMSTERDAM.—*Cricket.*—"In the match Amsterdam vs. Poughkeepsie, recently played at Albany, the Poughkeepsie gentlemen refused to continue the match after the umpires had called play, giving as an excuse that the ground was too wet for round-arm bowling. That being the case, we ask your decision in reference to the penalty." They lose the match, as the following 38th rule shows most conclusively:—"They (the umpires) shall allow two minutes for each striker to come in, and ten minutes between each innings. When the umpire shall call 'Play,' the party refusing to play shall lose the match." It is necessary, however, that both umpires should agree, as it appears they did in this case.

SECRETARY O. T., Charleston, S. C.—It is unsafe to venture an opinion at present: horses vary considerable in their running, through disease, or some unexplicable cause—what effect the climate may have upon them, we are not yet able to state, but you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. Jockies are sometimes hired to lose by opposing parties, but we do not think such an experiment will be tried on those referred to.

D. R., Wilmington.—As far as we have been able to learn, several of the States issued copper coin, cents, as early as 1778 or '79, but in 1787 these State issues were stopped, and the right to issue coin was vested in the General Government. The first cent issued by Government, we believe, was struck off in 1791 or '92. There were some struck off in 1799.

J. G.—1. The Persia's first trip to this country took place early in 1856—she left Liverpool on the 26th of January of that year, and arrived here after a passage of about 14 days. 2. The Pacific last sailed from Liverpool on the 23d of January, 1856. 3. Will make inquiries. 4. Tom Cribb never was defeated while contending for the Championship.

VESPASIA, Buffalo.—The match is to take place in Halifax harbor, the proposition to row a sweepstakes at the Portland Regatta not having been accepted. The same crew that pulled against the New Yorkers, at Boston, will probaby be selected to contest with Halifax.

P. T. T., Philad'a.—Mr. Bradley's fight with Sloan affords no criterion of his abilities; neither man was in proper condition, and Bradley much less so than his opponent. The forthcoming contest will probably be a different affair altogether.

FAIR PLAY, Washington, D. C.—1. We do not know the Professor alluded to. 2. We believe all the Champions of England were born in Great Britain. 3. Jem Ward was born in London, as we have been informed.

A LOOKER-ON, St. Louis.—You make certain statements, and charge certain parties with unfair dealing, and yet attach no signature to the document. You certainly should not expect us to give publicity to your communication, under the circumstances.

LAWRENCE YOUNG, Canandaigua.—A good set will cost you $5—they can be sent by express. You can forward the money by express if you prefer it, and the gloves will be forwarded in a day or two thereafter.

FRONT STREET, Philad'a.—As your friend permitted you to proceed, he must take the consequences—he had a right to claim a new deal, but having failed to do so, the loss is his.

SAMUEL JONES, Salem, N. J.—1. The full-sized Newfoundland dog measures between six and seven feet from the nose to the end of the tail. 2. The mastiff is supposed to be of British origin.

TWO READERS, Cleveland.—"Please decide a bet by stating whether Greenwood Cemetery is situated in New York City or County, or not." Greenwood Cemetery is in Kings County, Long Island.

COMET, Baltimore.—1. Lecomte's time was beaten by Lexington's 7:19½, the best on record. 2. Blue Dick has been dead some ten or twelve years. 3. Prioress, if either.

W. S. S., Boston.—When horses have passed that period of time when their age cannot be ascertained by their teeth marks, they are termed "aged."

OLD VIRGINNY.—Caunt and Langham's contest will not be for the Championship, that point having been decided in favor of Tom Sayers, when he defeated the Tipton Slasher.

P. K. S., Yonkers.—State your case plainly to a regular physician, and he will doubtless soon relieve you. We know nothing of the Association referred to.

X. Y. Z., Chicago.—He was here about two months ago, but we have lost sight of him since then—it is probable that he may have returned home.

MONTREAL.—Ben Caunt visited this country, but we have no knowledge that the Tipton was ever here; you have been misinformed in regard to the latter.

SUBSCRIBER, Zanesville.—Mr. Herbert's new work, on the horse, has not yet been issued. Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway, are the publishers.

WILLIAM, Philad'a.—Tacony's best time 2:25¼, was made over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia.

A READER IN POTTSVILLE.—As A bet that he (A) would *beat* B's time, 5:10, and as he only tied it, it necessarily follows that A loses.

C. B., Hamilton, Canada West.—1. Messrs. Bradley and Rankin are both natives of Ireland. 2. Cannot say.

COL. PLUCK, Philad'a.—The Persia made the fastest eastern passage, and the Baltic the best western.

J. BARTRAM, Portland, Me.—Those of late years have proved much faster than old style boats.

P. P. S.—The deuce counts first, as low; Jack is not scored immediately except when turned up as trump card.

LITTLE BARNEY.—Ten miles have frequently been run in less than 55 minutes.

SENIOR, Cambridge.—The information may be found in another column, under the department head.

DR. BOWLER, Cincinnati.—The greatest distance cleared, was 39 feet, by Chandler, over water, at Leamington.

CHARLIE, Bridgeport, Conn.—Flora Temple's 2:24¼ is the quickest trotting time—Lady Suffolk's best time was 2:26.

J. O'HARA, Delhi, Wisconsin.—We have issued no Pictorial for the 4th of July. Our next will be published for the Christmas holidays.

E. K. L., Albany.—Had you sent the score earlier, it might have received attention. It is too late now.

E. T. R., East Boston.—The 7th is so considered—as to the best company, opinions differ.

SERGEANT.—The Knickerbocker, we have understood, is the oldest Base Ball Club in this vicinity.

EAST BROOKLYN.—If a copy can be procured, the rules will be published in our next.

J. G. Y., Boston.—We would cheerfully oblige you by publishing the lines, but they are not up to our standard of merit.

SHAKESPEARE, Greenfield.—Seward ran 100 yards in nine seconds, but we are not aware that Howard ever performed the same feat.

LOVER OF SPORT, Boston.—Papers received, for which please accept our thanks.

J. M., Bridgport, Conn.—Mr. Lillywhite will send you a list of prices of the various cricketing articles.

CORRESPONDENT, Delaware.—Will hunt it up, in time for next week's issue.

RAGING KANAWL.—See our Foreign department.

CRANKY JACK, Huntington.—Address F. Butler, 29 Fulton street.

W. F. K., Philad'a.—Send a forfeit—there is a man on hand for you.

R.—1. A league is three miles. 2. An English mile is 1760 yards.

D. A., Bordentown N. J.—He *did* perform at the Bowery Theatre.

DEATH OF A WAR HORSE.—We see it stated in a late foreign paper that there recently died at Morne Park, Dublin, a horse that carried the late Sir Chas. Colville at the battle of Waterloo. The horse must have been at least forty-seven years old, and was, perhaps, the last of the equine race present at that memorable battle.

ILLNESS OF JEM PARKER.—We learn that Jem Parker is quite ill in Troy. He was taken sick while in Buffalo, a few weeks since, where he was confined to his bed for some time, but was subsequently removed to Troy, where he is at present.

SALE OF YACHTS.—The yachts Irene, and Starlight, were sold at public sale in this city on the 29th ult., the former for $3,000, and the latter for $2,225. Mr. V. G. Hall was the purchaser of the Starlight, and Mr. T. B. Hawkins, of the Irene.

BOAT RACING SUIT DECIDED.—The suit of the Unknown Boat Club, against the stakeholder in the match race between the boats Robert Emmett, and Unknown, has been decided in favor of the stakeholder. See particulars elsewhere.

ENGINE RACING—Fire Engine Companies, Nos. 10 and 13, of Chicago, were to have had a contest for $100; $10 a side was deposited, but 13 subsequently backed out, and 10 received the forfeit.

PRIZE TRIAL OF REAPING MACHINES.—At Syracuse, N. Y., on Monday next, 13th inst., a national trial of reaping and mowing machines will take place for a gold medal. A large number of machines will compete.

SPORTS AMONG LUNATICS.—An interesting match at cricket was played in England a short time since by the officers and *inmates* of the Essex Lunatic Asylum. After the match, the evening was spent on the lawn in rural sports, songs, &c.

THE BATTLE AT THE BARRICADES.

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

THE 81st anniversary of American independance would have been the most dull and spiritless we have had in these parts for many years had it not been for the little "set-to" which took place towards evening between the "Bowery Boys," and the "Dead Rabbits." The gentlemen who engaged in this *emeute* were no doubt imbued with a spirit, not exactly akin to that which inspired our forefathers in the revolutionary struggle, but with spirits from the vasty deep of some dispenser of the liquid ruby, pure and undefiled. What would the 4th of July be without a fight, suggested the Dead Rabbits; and how would our liberties have been gained but for the fighting abilities of our ancestors, responded the world-wide celebrities of the Bowery; and yet up to five o'clock P. M. of the 4th, not a blow had been struck in commemoration of the daring deeds of those noble hearts of other days. Here was a dilemma—not a fight yet, nor the ghost of a chance of having one, and the glorious 4th fast passing away. Nobody feeling disposed to tread on the coat tail of a Dead Rabbit; nor to "cave in" the sleek hat of a live Bowery Boy, things were becoming unbearable, and it was finally agreed that the day should *not* be allowed to pass without its usual accompaniment of a fight in honor of the occas[illegible] freedom to America and her pos[illegible]ations were made to ha[illegible]'yle, and to this en[illegible]des, merely fo[illegible]much respect for t[illegible]much less engage in ho[illegible]the Dead Rabbit frate[illegible]the Bowerie organization, [illegible]barricades, so that there [illegible]d by this pleasant little den[illegible]July celebration. Being on the g[illegible] at the time we were *compelled* to take a station, under cover, midway between the opposing parties, and thus had a fair view of the battle. Numerous carts and other vehicles were pressed into the service on both sides to do duty as barricades; the Boweries having their position in Bayard close to Elizabeth street, while the Dead Rabbits took their stand at the corner of Mulberry, the next street to Elizabeth, in Bayard. (For the benefit of our readers abroad, we might state that the battle ground is in the immediate vicinity of the rear of the Bowery Theatre.) In the space between the two opposing barricades, a builder had very opportunely deposited several loads of bricks, not such as folks sometimes carry in their hats, but regular bricks. These afforded ammunition to both parties, in addition to various rifles, muskets, pistols, &c., that had been doing service throughout the day in saluting the advent of another "glorious 4th." It was now about 6 o'clock, P. M.; the various bells throughout the city were ringing out their joyous peals in honor of the day, and the sun, whose shining face had not been seen for nearly a week before, deigned to come out from his hiding place, and take a peep at twenty-five millions of freemen doing homage to the memory of patriotic men of old, their deeds of daring in the days of '76, and the fruits that followed after them—it was 6 o'clock, we say, when two little bands of "patriots," men and boys, might have been seen behind their entrenchments, in a street crowded with women and children, making ready for the attack, and preparing to fight the battles of our sires over again.

Each party, under the control of a leading spirit, whose bravery might have shed lustre on our flag in a better cause, sent out pickets to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and ascertain his numbers and strength. One of these pickets was suddenly picked off by one of the sharp shooters of the "Dead Rabbit" party, and then commenced the battle, and then followed the carnage. Blood for blood was the cry of these members of the same family of freemen, and death and destruction followed the fatal aim of the riflemen and the musketeer. Those whose powder and ball had been expended in the first grand assault, now armed themselves at the brick pile, and showered down from house tops, these bullets of clay, upon the heads of their enemies. Others again scorned the idea of shirking behind bricks and mortar, and boldly faced the danger. We saw one man emerge from the barricade of the "Dead Rabbits," and having supplied himself with a load of bricks, he hurled them, one after another, with unerring precision, into the ranks of the Boweries, in one instance driving an eye clean out of the head of one of his opponents; he was just in the act of again walking towards the barricade at Elizabeth street, with a half brick in each hand, when his friends called him back, that a rifle was being aimed at him; but he heeded not the call; he had become infatuated with the scene, and scorned all danger—he raised his right hand, but in a moment the report of a rifle was heard, the man made a spring into the air, and in the next instant, he was a corpse. The "Dead Rabbits" now exhibited signs of renewed life and energy; and seemed determined to avenge the death of their comrade; one individual we noticed in particular—he had on a check shirt, and as he stood in the open ground between the opposing barricades, his form presented a target for the balls of his enemies, but four several times had he made his faithful musket do execution upon the Bowery Boys, and yet he stood there unharmed; at last, however, an unerring ball from the well-directed musket of one of the defenders of the Bowery barricade, pierced his breast, and "soon he lay low with the dead."

In the meantime, however, the forces on both sides were busy at work, now the "Boweries" receiving pepper, now the "Rabbits;" and as fast as one was wounded, he was carried off and his place supplied by another; both sides suffered terribly; now the Boweries would come from their defences, and make a rush at their foes, but the latter would boldly confront them, and drive them back; and so with the other side. A lad said to belong to the "Rabbit" party attempted to single out some one of the enemy, and we believe he succeeded, but he in turn was soon seen to fall, and was carried off; his brother also became a victim, and both, we understand, will probably die. And thus the fight went on, and thus one scene of blood followed another in quick succession. At the corner of Mulberry and Bayard street, we noticed one man lying in the agonies of death—he had been shot in the breast, and at each fast-failing respiration, the life blood would ooze from the wound, and his countenance become more ghastly—but there he lay in the public street, with balls and bricks flying thick and fast around him, beyond the hope of earthly succor; and as the sun went to rest in the dim distance, the soul of this unfortunate and misguided man took its flight to the regions of an unknown world. It was a sad spectacle, and was not without its effect upon the many comrades who surrounded him. After fighting some two or three hours, with varied success, a third party interposed, and hostilities were suspended; barricades were thrown down, and the opposing parties retired to count the fearful cost of this fearful close to the 81st anniversary of a day ever-to-be-remembered in the history of the world. And thus went out this "glorious fourth," and thus went out the souls of several, who, at the dawn of day, were full of life and hope, with pleasurable anticipations of the future.

And who are the gainers by this battle? And who shall answer the consequences of this desperate strife upon our National Sabbath? These are questions more easily asked than answered. Were we to say that the recent spectacle in the Park, (in which our law makers, and law administers, were fighting hand to hand for the "spoils of office,") was but the forerunner of this 4th of July episode, we might be accused of treason; we therefore shall keep silent upon such a dangerous topic, and await the solution in patience and submission.

There is one thing we should not suffer to pass unnoticed in connection with this "Battle at the Barricades," and that is the fact that our pious and respectable contemporaries will not have it in their power to call it a "prize fight;" there was no "brutality" about this battle, therefore our pugilistic friends need have no fear of being credited with the "deadly" results of this 4th of July encounter; everything was conducted in a perfectly "legitimate" manner, according to the code of settling disputes as advocated by the respectable press; there was no fair and manly hand-to-hand encounter, of man to man, of naked fist to fist, and nature's weapons only to decide, according to the humane system of the prize ring; but the knife and pistol, the murderer's tools, were those upon which the belligerents in this fatal affray relied, and dearly have some of them paid for this "honorable" and "respectable" mode of deciding quarrels. Rather give us the prize ring, with all its objections, where men are placed on an equality, face to face, and where each one has a chance for his life, than the damnable system of the assassin, by which a man may be stealthily shot down, and his cowardly assailant escape unseen, unknown. The "Battle at the Barricades" has not diminished, but rather increased our love for the "Noble Art of Self Defence." And there *was* a fight, as usual, on the 4th of July, 1857, just as the shades of evening were closing around us.

ENEMIES ABOUT.—It seems that sundry individuals, to us as yet unknown, but whom we hope soon to detect, are engaged in a regular system to injure sporting men and sporting interests here and in Philadelphia. We last week published a letter, purporting to have been written by Mr. Wm. McMullin, of Philadelphia. That gentleman now informs us that the document is a base forgery, written and sent us by some coward who dare not use his own name; intended, no doubt, to injure Mr. McMullin and his friends. In the same issue, we published a challenge to Mr. Coburn, and to which the name of Mr. C. J. Sexton was attached. This also is pronounced a forgery, Mr. Sexton never having written such a challenge; neither did he know of it until pointed out to him by a friend. Various other documents, of a like character, have recently been received, a few of which we have noticed. In our desire to accommodate our friends, we find we have been sadly imposed upon of late by unscrupulous scoundrels, who, taking advantage of our liberality, have endeavored to set the sporting men of New York and Philadelphia at loggerheads, to answer some selfish ends of their own. These forged documents, some of which fortunately have been preserved, will be forwarded to the gentlemen whose names they bear, in order that they may assist us in ferreting out the sneaking scamps who have committed these forgeries. We have our eye upon one individual, and, if our suspicions should prove correct, he may soon find himself in a position where he will be unable to do any further mischief, for a time at least.

FAST TIME IN ROWING.—A Philadelphia correspondent informs us that on Thursday evening, July 2d, the Falcon Barge Club, in their 6-oared barge Falcon, measuring 40 feet, and pulling but four oars, was rowed on the Schuylkill River, from the Falls to Turtle Rock, in twenty-two minutes and fifty seconds. The distance is estimated at 3½ miles. This is the best time ever made on the Schuylkill with four oars, and would be considered excellent for a barge pulling six oars.

A PRINCE ON HIS TRAVELS.—Frank Butler, of No. 29 Fulton street, sailed on Wednesday week, July 1st, for Southampton, with his famous dog Prince, who will no doubt help to convince our European friends that "some things can be done as well as others." Prince will be presented in due form to his Danish and "Siberian" comrades while on his travels as a real American Prince, fully alive.

NEWBURGH REGATTA.—A detailed report of this affair, which passed off most agreeably to all concerned, and which was witnessed by thousands of persons from all parts of the State, is deferred until next week. The race between four-oared boats was won by the Experiment, of Williamsburgh. The scullers' race was won by Thomas Daw, of Brooklyn.

THE RESULT of the battle for the Championship of England, which was published in our last in advance of all American papers, is corroborated by the details, which may be found in this issue.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN SPORTING NEWS.

OWING to the extreme length of the report of the fight for the championship, published in this issue, we are obliged to curtail our account of other sporting events in England, but the details will be given in our next.

The schooner race of the Royal Yacht Club took place on the 19th June, the Vestal winning the first class prize, and the Zouave the second.

Charles Westhall, the pedestrian, in a match against time, on the 13th June, walked seven and a half miles in 58 minutes and 25 seconds.

The ten mile race between Pudney and Levett was won by Pudney, Levett giving out on the sixth mile.

AQUATICS.

NEWBURGH REGATTA.—MR. QUEEN—Allow me, through your paper, to state to the public the cause of our absence from the Newburgh Regatta, given by the Regatta Association of that city on the 4th of July, and for which we had boats built and regularly entered to contend for the different prizes.

The steamboat Francis Skiddy was advertised, as early as the 1st of July, to make an excursion to Newburgh and return on the 4th, leaving the city at 9 o'clock, and arriving at Newburgh at 1. We made arrangements to go by this boat, but imagine our surprise when 9 o'clock came, and we were informed that the Skiddy would not go. At this hour there were at least 500 passengers in waiting at the foot of Amos street. It was now thought impossible to get to Newburgh in time for the first race, which was advertised to take place at 2 o'clock; but we immediately had our boats taken to the foot of 31st street, in hopes to charter a freight car, and leave by the 9:30 express train; but again were we doomed to disappointment, as we could find no person who had the power to let a car for that purpose. We were directed to the Superintendent, whose office is at the Chambers street depot; thither we repaired, and were fortunate enough to find the gentleman. We stated our business, when he passed us over into the hands of another in authority, when, after waiting until 11 o'clock, we were told we could be accommodated by paying a certain price. We paid the money, had our boats again taken to 31st street, put in the car, and at 12:30 were on our way for Newburgh. We arrived at Fishkill at 2:40; launched our boats, and were soon alongside of the judges' yacht, but were told that the four-oared race was over; but the judges, with that true spirit which always characterises gentlemen, after learning what trouble and expense we had been put to, to get there, made up a purse of fifty dollars for us to race for, but they could not prevail upon the Experiment or any other four-oared boat to contend against us.

In conclusion, we would return our sincere thanks to Messrs. Robertson, Wood, Carter, and other members of the Newburgh Regatta Association, whose names I have not the pleasure of knowing, for their kindness and good feeling extended towards us on the afternoon of the 4th; hoping at some future day to have the pleasure of reciprocating the favors shown to us by the above named gentlemen.

Yours, &c. WM. WOOD,
109 Atlantic street, Brooklyn,
On behalf of the crew and backers of the Club.

REGATTA AT PORTLAND.—In the first race of wherries, distance two nautical miles, first prize, $40, awarded to Thos. H. Doyle, in boat D. E. Poland, of Boston. Time 21 minutes 10 seconds; turned stake in 9 minutes 10 seconds.

Second prize of $25 was awarded to James McKay, in boat Eastern, of St. John; time 21 min. 30 sec. Turned stake in 9 min. 25 sec.

Third prize of $10 awarded to Thomas H. Delcy, in boat Stephen Roberts, of Boston; time 21 min. 35 sec. Stake time not noted as turned to larboard instead of starboard.

Second race of four-oared boats, distance 2½ nautical miles, first prize of $75, awarded to M. K. Mahoney, barge Veronica, of Boston. Time 21 min. 50.; turned stake in 10 min. 5 sec.

Second prize of $50 awarded to S. J. Doran, in barge Florence Nightingale, of Longueil. Time 22 min. 15 sec.; turned stake in 10 min. 30 sec.

In the third race of 6-oared boats, distance 2½ nautical miles; first prize of $125 awarded to Chas. J. McCarthy, in barge Fort Hill Boy,* of Boston. Time 20 min. 15 sec.; turned stake in 10 min. 2 sec.

Second prize of $75 awarded to T. J. Lavray, in barge Robert Emmett, of Boston. Time 20 min. 45 sec.; turned stake in 10 min. 37 sec.

By a mistake the Grand Trunk Boat Club were informed that out rigger boats would not be admitted and consequently brought inferior boats, but the judges could make them no allowance. Four of this club pulled both in the Florence Nightingale, four-oared barge, and in the Era, six-oared, with only a few minutes breathing time; they consequently labored under great disadvantages.

In the fourth race of canoes the first prize of $10 was awarded to Sockbasin Brothers of Penobscot tribe. Time 25 min. 25 sec., distance 2 nautical miles, same as wherries. The first wherry with one man making 4 min. 15 sec. better time than the first canoe with 2 Indians.

*Formerly, the "Unknown."

REGATTAS AT BOSTON.—On Charles River, five boats, the Twilight, Wave, Ripple, Myth and Young America entered for the prizes—the race three miles, with one pair of sculls. William L. Sloan and J. E. Mansfield were the judges, and Walter Davis the referee. The Twilight, pulled by H. Whitman, took the first prize, a silver medal—time, 24 minutes. The Wave, pulled by John Braman, the second prize, a silk flag—time 24 minutes and 45 seconds; and the Myth won the third prize, a gold chain, pulled by Frank Braman—time 24 minutes and 55 seconds. The Ripple, pulled by Charles Blanchard, and Young America, pulled by Daniel Perkins, withdrew from the race. The attendance of spectators was large, and the whole affair highly creditable to the young men who were instrumental in arranging the affair.

The regatta at South Boston, which was to have taken taken place on Friday, but postponed on account of the weather, came off on the morning of the 4th, at 9 o'clock, between the boats Hebe and Fanny. The Hebe was pulled by C. A. Sears and H. Bent, and the Fanny was pulled by Albert J. Wright, Jr., and E. T. Bent. The judges were J. W. and D. B. Pierce. The race was for a silk flag of the value of $25. The time made by the Hebe was 10 minutes 25 seconds; the Fanny, 10 minutes 44 seconds. The distance rowed was two miles—the Hebe thereby winning the race. We understand that the boats ran into one another, causing some delay in their time.

[*Boston Herald, July 5.*

TRUTH VERSUS FICTION.—Observing an article in the CLIPPER of last week headed "Lighter Race," which article contains many misstatements in regard to the late race between the "Swift" and "Moro," I think such misstatements should be corrected.

The facts are these: The "Swift" and "Moro" started on the late race together, the "Swift" taking the lead, and was about four miles dead to windward of "Moro," when said "Moro" got ashore on the West Bank—whether intentional or through carelessness let others decide—and the owners of her might be thankful that the lighter Sauswick was near her, which boat succeeded in towing her off after parting lines, &c., &c. If she had remained in that position one hour longer, to have been struck by the squall we had on the 22d June, I think she must have gone to pieces. As to the statement of a drag being attached to the rudder of the Moro, it is a base subterfuge to disguise her general DRAGGING qualities, and to clip from the "Swift" the laurels she had so proudly won from a vessel, the owners of which supposed no lighter in the port was her equal.

A WITNESS OF THE RACE.

PORTLAND REGATTA.—MR. EDITOR: Sir, enclosed you will find an account of the Regatta which took place at Portland. The Fort Hill Boy is the boat that was formerly called the Unknown. The Bantry men pulled the Boy through in fine style, and you may depend upon it they felt anxious to regain the laurels which was supposed by some to have been lost to them forever. They have again mounted to the top of the ladder, and are now the Champion Boat Club of Massachusetts. I have witnessed a great many races, but the Portland races knock them

all. Mr. Walter Welsh was present, and was highly pleased at the very fair manner in which the races terminated. Mr. Mahoney came up in the cars on Saturday afternoon and appeared quite well; he is the builder of the Veronica and the Fort Hill Boy. Yours truly,

Boston, July 6, 1857. WHIP.

[We were compelled to curtail the report, but will give it complete in our next.—ED. CLIP.]

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

AUG. 1—Dominick Bradley and S. S. Rankin, $2000—Canada.

CHALLENGE TO LAZARUS.—Buffalo, June 29.—I am again prepared to make another match with Harry Lazarus, of this city, to fight him again for the same amount as before, viz.: $600, being $300 a side; the fight to come off in two months from the time of making the first deposit. In consequence of my trainer taking sick and leaving me, and to the fact also that James Parker, who came to finish my training and second me, but who was unable to perform those duties, and thereby being deprived of much that was necessary to my success, I attribute my recent defeat. The match can be made forthwith, and I will allow Lazarus two pounds in weight.

DENNIS HORRIGAN,
Through his friend and substantial backer.

DAVIS AND BROWN.—The match that was in progress in St. Louis between Enoch Davis and Jas. Brown, is off, Davis having failed to make the second deposit as agreed upon, so the stake-holder informs us.

Since the above was in type we received the following letter from Davis:

St. Louis, July 1, 1857.

Mr. EDITOR.—On the 9th of June a match was made between Jim Brown and myself to fight for $1,000 a side, in six weeks from the first deposit, which was $100 a side—the next deposit of a like sum was to have been made on the Monday evening following, at Clexton's Exchange, between the hours of 8 and 12 o'clock, when articles of agreement were to have been drawn up, and a final stake-holder chosen. On the said evening I made my appearance, in company with my backer, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when Brown refused to go on with the match and wanted to claim forfeit, stating that the money should have been made up by 10 o'clock. Mr. Clexton holds the forfeit, and when the match was made he positively stated between the hours of 8 and 12, but it serves as an excuse for Mr. Brown, for my opinion is that he never intended fighting from the first. To show Mr. Brown and the public that I mean business, I will either go on with the present match or I will fight him for the two hundred now up, or I will fight him for a single five dollar bill. Yours, ENOCH DAVIS, alias Rough Enoch, of Birmingham.

CARD.—New York, July 6, 1857.—FRANK QUEEN—Dear Sir—In looking over your issue of last week, I notice a Card signed H. B. B., "One of Rankin's Backers," in which there appear some charges which demand contradiction from me. Therefore, I would say that it is false that I went to Rankin's exhibition with a full determination to make Rankin look as small as possible; on the contrary, I went there with the utmost good feeling towards Rankin, and further, had I exercised my utmost ability I think that Mr. Rankin would have some reason to complain. To show the public that I have been acting faithful to Rankin during the time I was with him, I would say that I have given Mr. Rankin the best advice that I knew how—I have put him on his guard against those *Blank* doorkeepers, but it appears he has paid more attention to their advice than to mine, and he has suffered by it. And furthermore, Rankin knows full well that I could have done much more on the occasion of the wind up at his exhibition. I have the honor to be

Yours, JOSEPH COBURN.

RANKIN AND BRADLEY'S MATCH.—This match is progressing favorably, and both men seem in the best of spirits. We have not been informed of the precise spot where Mr. Bradley is taking his breathings, but Mr. Rankin is rusticating in the vicinity of the sea shore, at Atlantic City. He is under the care of a very careful and excellent trainer, who is doing everything that is requisite to bring him to the arena in fine fettle. The trainer is nobly seconded in his efforts by Mr. Rankin himself, who is anxious and willing to work as hard as necessities may require. Mr. R. is well and hearty at the present time.

A FIGHT took place near Pawtucket, R. I., on the 24th ult., between P. Warren and Leonard Booth, the former winning in 45 rounds, and two hours and five minutes.

SPARRING.

JOHNNY ROBERTS gave a sparring exhibition in Chicago, at the South Market Hall, on the 26th ult., which was crowded; the sparring was well-spoken of. Johnny Mackey and Roberts gave the wind-up. They were all delighted with the entertainment.

COBURN'S BENEFIT, at Kerrigan's Saloon, No. 22 White street, on Tuesday evening next, 14th inst., promises to be an unusually interesting event. In addition to the set-to which is to be given by Joe Coburn and Harry Gribbin, Cheek Hares and Gallagher will give one of their exciting bouts which never fail to amuse and interest the lovers of manly boxing. Besides these, a host of others have very kindly offered their services for the occasion, many of them excellent sparrers, the whole forming an array of artistic talent seldom seen at an exhibition of the kind. As there has been considerable said of late concerning Coburn's abilities with the gloves, the present opportunity will not be lost of witnessing his set-to. From present appearances there will be a large audience present. Old Bill Tovee, as usual, will conduct the ceremonies, and have the different bouts follow in quick succession.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ANSWER TO MICKEY FREE.—Atlantic City, Union Hotel.—MR. EDITOR: Sir—Seeing a challenge from Mickey Free to walk any man in the United States, I accept his challenge to walk, on the following conditions, viz.: to walk 1,000 hours, and walk not less than 2 miles each hour, or, if he wishes a trial of speed, I will give him five minutes start in 14 miles. If this does not suit Mr. Free, I will match myself to walk seven miles in one hour for $500, or I will walk the North Star or any man in the States from one to seven miles, for $500.

Yours truly, J. ADAMS.

Money ready at Mr. Butler's, 25th street and 9th Avenue, New York, or at Mr. S. S. Rankin's, Broad and Rose streets, Philadelphia. J. A.

FOOT RACE IN CHICAGO.—Jacob Newsam recently ran a race in Chicago with a Mr. C. H., for $20, Newsam winning by about 15 feet, in a distance of 100 yards. Time not stated.

CHALLENGE TO BAKERS.—Orlando L. Fuller will bet any man in the world that he can fill three bakers' ovens with crackers quicker than any other man. Money ready at Jacob Newsam's, Rip Van Winkle Saloon, corner of Washington and Wells-streets, Chicago.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S. BREWSTER, Pittsfield, Mass.—"Them's my sentiments," too; so give us some more. Gem No. 6 can be in no wise altered, or it would never have appeared in that prince of chess books, the "Handbuch," whence we took it. Thank you for the solution of the "Nest Egg."

E. J. W., Boston.—Thanks for the new game; next week.

H. V. R., Boston.—There is just such a club in your city as you wish to join. Call at U. S. Hotel, on Saturday evening, and you will find some of the gentlemen on our list of Boston contributors ready and happy to welcome you to their circle. They will leave their names at the office of the U. S. Hotel.

OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENTS.—Will notice the above and secure a new and ambitious recruit.

METELLUS, Boston.—Good? Pass *that* letter in, (how?) and if we live sundry billions of years we shall hope to have accomplished its perusal.

PHILAD'A CLUB.—We are happy to add to the diagrams that, Boston replies in No. 1 is, 15..Q Kt takes Kt; and in No. 2, 13..Castles.

T. M. B., Penn Yan, N. Y.—We shall have to garrote you, yet; that R was on Kt, not R 3d.

EN PRISE, Newark, N. J.—The substitution came too late to stop proceedings.

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—Thanks for the document. "En Prise" accepts the "Muzio" as proposed by you.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 66.

BY ALONZO, OF SALEM.

White.	White.	White.	White.
1..B to K R 6	3..P-B 7 +	5..B-K Kt 7	7..P-B 7 +
2..B-Q R 6	4..P-B 8 (Kt)	6..P-B 6	8..Q 4th P mates

Black is forced to vibrate between K and Q's sqrs.

WITH Q'S 3D P.—IN 10 MOVES.

(First two moves as before.)

3..B to Q B 4	5..B-Q sq	7..P-Q 7	9..P-B 7 +
4..B-Kt 3	6..B-K Kt 4	8..B Kt 7	10..Q 3d P mates.

Black's moves are all strictly forced.

WITH Q'S 2D PAWN.

1..B to K R 6	5..B Q sq	9..B-K B 7	13..P-Q 5
2..B-Q R 6	6..B-R 5 +	10..P-Q 6	14..P-Q 4
3..B-Q 8 4	7..P-Q 7	11..P-Q 7	15..P-B 7 +
4..B-Kt 3	8..P Queens	12..P Queens	16..Q 2d P mates.

Black, throughout, is in the condition of a passive verb.

WITH Q'S 1ST P.—IN 20 MOVES.

(12 moves as above.)

13..P to Q 5	15..P-Q 7	17..P-Q 4	19..P-B 7 +
14..P-Q 6 +	16..P Queens	18..P-Q 5	20..Q 1st P mates.

If Black had any choice he would take the best move. Solved also by E. S. Brewster and "A Learner."

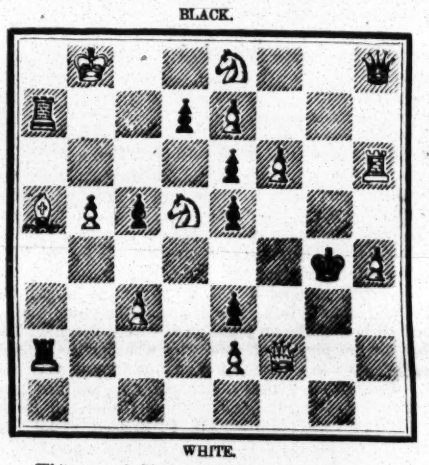
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 68.

White.	Black.
1..K Kt to Kt 5 or B 8	Kt to Q 3 *a* or, 2 or 3 ways.
2..Q takes P	Anything he can.
3..Q-K 6 mate	
a	
1..	Kt to Q 5
2..Q to B 7, and mates next move.	

PROBLEM NO. 69.—BY EN PRISE.

INSCRIBED TO "MIDNIGHT," WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels Black to mate him in eight moves.

GAME NO. 69.

An instructive *partie* between Mr. Lange and Dr. Beeck, of Germany.—*Ill. Lon. News.*

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

White, Mr. Lange.	Black, Dr. Beeck.	White, Mr. Lange.	Black, Dr. Beeck.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..P to K 7	K B × P
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	16..Q × K B	Q B-Q 2 *d*
3..P-Q 4	P×K B 4	17..Q B × K Kt	Kt P × B
4..Q P × P	B P × P	18..Castles	Q-K B 6
5..K Kt-his 5	P-Q 4	19..B-Q B 4	Q-K B 2
6..P-K 6	K Kt-R 3	20..Q-her 8 + *e*	K-Kt 2
7..P-K B 3 *a*	K B-Q B 4	21..P-Q 6	Q × K B
8..P × K P	Castles	22..Q P × B P	B-K B 4
9..P × Q P	K R-B 4 *b*	23..Q-K 7 +	Q-K B 2
10..Q Kt-B 3	K R-K 4 +	24..Q × Q + *f*	K × Q
11..K Kt-K 4	Q-K R 5 +	25..R-Q 8	Kt-Q R 3
12..P-K Kt 3	R × K Kt +	26..R × R	Kt × B P
13..Kt × K R	Q × Q Kt +	27..R × Q R P	B-K 5, and
14..Q-K 2	Q × K R *c*	the game was drawn.	

NOTES.

a The regularity of the opening renders this game particularly valuable just now. This move, our students will remember, is the one pronounced *best* by der Lasa, (see its continuation in our last "Theoretical Opening.") But Staunton believes that, on account of the dangerous attack of 7..K B to Q B 4th, which it allows the Defence, that the move is not as good as 7..P to Q B 4th. Lewis and Jænisch emphatically say (ch) with Q, at the 7th of Attack; but see der Lasa's reply in our "Opening" of last week.

b We should prefer, says Staunton, 9..B to K B 7 (ch), followed by Q to K sq.

c Had he taken Q P, instead of R, White would still have played P to K 7th, with the better game.

d Having now a piece superiority, we are mistaken if he would not have won by 16..Q to K B 6th.

e Instead of this (ch) he should have played, 20..Q to K R 4th, as suggested by the Rev. W. Wayte; and Black would have found it difficult to save the game, e. g.:—

20..Q to K R 4	Kt to Q R 3 (1)	24..Q takes Q	P takes Q
21..P-Q 6	Q B-K 3	25..B × B +	K-Kt 2
22..R-K B sq	Q-K Kt 3	26..R-K B 7 +	K-Kt 3
23..P-Q 7	Q-Kt 4 +	27..R-K 7, and wins.	
		(1)	
20..	K to Kt 2	23..R takes B	Q to K sq
21..R to K B sq	B-K B 4 (2)	24..Q-K Kt 3, &c., &c.	
22..P-K Kt 4	Kt-Q 2		

(2) He has no better move.

f But why not Q to K 5th (ch), and if Black interpose Q, P takes Kt, Queening, &c.?

ALSO;

A lively little skirmish dashed off at Oxford, Eng., between Mr. R. B. Wormald, and another amateur.—*Chess Player's Chronicle.*

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. B——.*	Defence, Mr. Wormald.	Attack, Mr. B——.	Defence, Mr. Wormald.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..K to his 2	Q B to Q 2
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	11..P × B *b*	Q-K 2 +
3..P-Q 4	P-K B 4	12..K-Q 3	Q Kt × P
4..P × K P	B P × K P	13..Q-K 2	Kt-Q B 4 +
5..K Kt-his 5	P-Q 4	14..K-Q B 4	P-Q Kt 4 +
6..P-K 6	K Kt-R 3	15..K × P	Q B-Kt sq +
7..P-K B 3	K B-Q B 4 *a*	16..K-Q B 4	R-Q Kt 5 +
8..B P × P	Castles	17..K × R	Kt-Q 6 dbl +,
9..P × Q P	K B-his 7 +	and wins the *partie.*	

NOTES.

a Again the move suggested by Staunton, but, as yet, not analyzed.

b Accommodating, truly; why not P to Q B 4th rather?

* This merely giving the initials of the players, is an execrable feature of almost all the old chess magazines. We hope, if the "Chronicle" is resuscitated, that the accompaniment of the names will be a prerequisite to the admission of games.

ENIGMA NO 69.—BY MINETTE.

THE FIRST EFFORT OF A YOUNG LADY.

WHITE—K at his R sq; Q at her Kt 2; R's at K R 7, and Q R 2; B at K Kt 8; and Kt at Q B 3d.

BLACK—K at his B 3; Q at her Kt 3; R at K 3; B at K B 5; P's at K Kt 4, K B 4, and K 5th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA

NUMBER TWO.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White, Philad'a.	Black, Boston.	White, Philad'a.	Black, Boston.
1..P to K 4	P-K 4	8..B P × P	B to Q Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	9..Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-B 3
3..K B Q B 4	B Q B 4	10..P-Q 5	Q Kt-K 2
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	11..B × K Kt	Kt P × B
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	12..K Kt-Q 4	P-Q B 4
6..Castles	P-Q 3	13..K Kt-K 6	B P × Kt
7..P-Q 4	P × Q P	14..Q P × P, and the following is the aspect of the field:	

PHILADELPHIA.

BOSTON.

Boston to move on resuming the match.

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
9..Kt P takes B	P to Q 4
10..K B to Q Kt 5	Castles on K side
11..Q to her B 2	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our next issue full justice will be done our many patient and attentive correspondents.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 135.

NEW SERIES.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 3 to 7	22 to 17 A	4..14 to 17	28 to 24
2..11 16	24 20	5..10 14, and wins.	
3.. 7 11	17 13		
	A		
	24 20 | 11 25		2 11
9 13	18 2 | 8 31, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 136.

NEW SERIES.

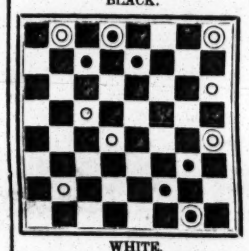
Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..32 to 27	24 to 20	4.. 9 to 13	17 to 14
2..27 31	26 22	5..13 10	14 7
3..31 26	22 17	6.. 5 1, and wins.	

POSITION NO. 137.

NEW SERIES.

By Nemo.

BLACK.



WHITE.

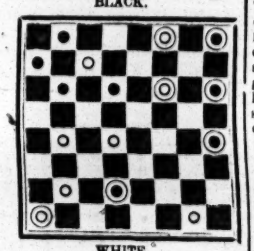
Black to play and win.

POSITION NO. 138.

NEW SERIES.

By A Contributor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

GAME NO. 66.

NEW SERIES.

THE "NEW YORK."

Played between J. McL. and Mr. D.

Black, J. McL.	White, Mr. D.	Black, J. McL.	White, Mr. D.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	9.. 5 to 9	22 to 17 *c*
2.. 8 11	26 23	10.. 2 7	17 10
3.. 4 8	30 26	11.. 7 14	31 26
4.. 9 14	22 17	12.. 9 13	26 22
5..15 18	19 15	13..13 17	22 13
6..10 19	24 15	14.. 6 9	13 6
7..12 16 *a*	17 10	15.. 1 26, and wins.	
8.. 7 14 *	26 22 *b*		

NOTES BY J. McL.

a Variation from the game by "Know Nothing."

b Only "living" move.

c 31 to 26 is the only other move, and it is worse.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND J. S., OF WINCHESTER.

NUMBER ONE.

White—J. S.		Black—Uncle Sam	
9..32	27	9	13
10..25	22	5	9
11..21	17		

NUMBER TWO.

White—Uncle Sam.		Black—J. S.	
8..28	24	6	10
9..30	25	2	6

BETWEEN B. OF BOSTON, AND THE UNKNOWN.

White—B of Boston.		Black—Unknown.	
5..22	15	16	20
6..24	19	4	8

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4..12	16	25	22

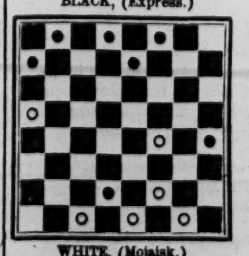
BETWEEN A. G. AND H. D

Black—H. D.		White—A. G.	
1..11	15	22	18
2..15	22		

MATCH GAME.

Between Mojaisk and Express.

BLACK, (Express.)



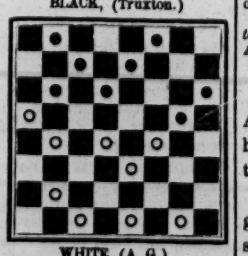
WHITE, (Mojaisk.)

White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Truxton and A. G.

BLACK, (Truxton.)



WHITE, (A. G.)

Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

ONE by one they go out with the tide. Laura Keene's theatre closed for the season on the 4th, as did also the dramatic performances at Barnum's Museum; and the Bowery was brought to a rather abrupt *finale* on the Tuesday previous, much to the discomfiture of the company performing there; it was reopened on the 3d and 4th, however, with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway. Mr. R. Johnston, of the Bowery, took the Stadt Theatre (German) for the 4th of July, where he gave an entertainment, both in the afternoon and evening, assisted by the late Bowery company. He was well-patronized. It is said that Mr. Eddy will be the next manager of the Bowery, but things seem to have gotten into such a snarl at this house since Stevens' death, that we should not be surprised if a dozen managers were announced to re-open it.

Sister Laura, although the most industrious and pains-taking woman we have upon the stage, has not met with that success which her merits deserve, but she is not alone in the dilemma, for older heads at the business have fared even worse than herself. May the next season prove to her a more profitable one.

At Burton's they are doing a show piece, the Naiad Queen, in which pretty girls with seductive understandings form one of the chief points of interest and attraction. When all other resources fail, legs and low-necked dresses draw like a locomotive.

The New Olympic, so modestly and unostentatiously brought to the notice of the amusement-loving community, meets with unabated success under the able direction of friends Meighan and Chanfrau. Everything connected with this little place moves along so systematically that one might almost imagine this was an old established concern instead of a theatre of a fortnight's existence. We have for months past urged upon managers the success that must result from entertainments of the kind produced at the New Olympic, but they would not take the hint. Now that an outsider has adopted the idea, with such immense success, in the worst season of the year, we should not be surprised to find imitators spring up on every side for the next campaign.

Purdy, on the east side of town, still continues open, and is doing a fair amount of business. He does the awful and sublime, the mysterious and ridiculous, and occasionally a trifle of the *legitimate*. Purdy is not so fat that he don't understand which side to lean to catch the dollars.

Rolla still continues to go it at Niblo's. "Nice young men" are around on the Rolla nights. We don't wonder.

The "Bryants" keep time to the progress of the times, and suffer none of their songs or dances to become "stale, flat, or unprofitable." They seem to have taken a long lease upon the affections of the public, as the crowded state of their establishment nightly gives token. Have you seen the Grape Vine Twist?

Miss Logan will probably close at Wallack's the present week. The houses have been very fair, but it is much easier to fill a theatre with spectators than the cash box with dollars.

La Grange, at the Academy of Music, is getting along admirably. The "Lucia," with La Grange, Brignoli, Amodio, Coletti, and Arnoldi, was given on Monday evening.

It is rumored that the Olympic company is to be strengthened by the addition of Messrs. C. Walcot, G. Holland, and T. B. Johnston. Dare we suggest to the management that a revival of those old burlesques, "Amy Lee, "Buy-it-dear," &c., once so popular at the old Olympic, might prove equally attractive at the "New?"

On the evening of the 4th, during the trial scene in the third act of the Italian Bride, at Wallack's, one of the soldiers, who had doubtless been up late the previous night, suddenly fell to the stage, and on some of the company approaching him, he was found that the gentleman was *asleep*. The audience imagined that something worse was the matter with him. A hard *case*.

The latest in regard to the Davenport "difficulty," is the following letter from Mr. Davenport:

CARD.—A letter appearing in yesterday's *Herald* over the signature of Mrs. Lizzie Weston Davenport, contained various imputations against me, none of which, however, I deem worthy of notice, with the exception of the charge that I had notified Mr. Burton's treasurer that I should demand the earnings of the lady, or prevent her playing, by injunction. Nothing could be more untrue. I gave my sanction to Mr. Jarrett for her engagement, and have not intended to interfere with her, nor shall I do so. My reason is not yet so "completely dethroned" as to permit me to pursue so impolitic a course.

June 29, 1857. A. H. DAVENPORT.

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

The report so industriously circulated some time since to the effect that theatricals received but poor encouragement in California, is not correct, if we may be allowed to judge from the following article on the subject, which we copy from the Golden Era: To a number of "stars," both good and bad, who have visited us, California has proved an El Dorado in which their wildest dreams have been realized. Mr. and Mrs. Baker reaped from two years' labor in the profession, as artistes and managers, at least $60,000 above expenses. Madame Anna Thillon in five or six months acquired $28,000. The Williamses left us with over $30,000 as the result of their operations. Mr. Murdoch took away about $18,000, which he realized from eight months' labor. Miss Davenport, though the most famous in dramatic annals, did worse in a pecuniary point than almost any of the "stars" who have appeared upon the California boards, taking away with her less than $5000. The "pile" accumulated by Kate Hayes is estimated at various sums, some placing it as high as $40,000, but half that sum would doubtless be nearer the mark. With the exception of Miss Hayes and Madame Thillon, the lyric artists who have visited California, have not been so well favored as have those connected with the histrionic art. Madame Bishop, Barilla Thorn and Madame Biscaccianti were singularly unfortunate so far as money-making was concerned—the two former being compelled to borrow the means with which to get away, while the latter took with her only a trifling sum—at most not more than a couple of thousand dollars. The ballet has also received poor encouragement—the Rousett, Ravel and Risley troupes hardly receiving money enough to pay travelling expenses. The Starks, the old pioneers, who were here when money was as a drug, acquired immense amounts, but through "outside" speculations have managed to lose a greater part of it. Mrs. Hayne, who has just completed a year upon our boards, has added to her bank account something like $20,000. Miss Caroline Chapman, though making no great splurge, has become quite rich during the five long years she has passed in California. The Hamiltons have also laid by a nice little sum for a "rainy day," while Uncle Billy Chapman, the best comedian we have ever had in the State, save, perhaps, poor Charley Burke, has not done so well as he deserved or as we could wish. He is but little more than even with the world on the score of money. Mr. J. Booth, Jr., has made considerable money, but real estate sharpers, we fear, have been too "many" for him—he is well to do, however. McKean Buchanan, but for his "poker" proclivities, might have left us with as much as $5000—but he didn't! Proctor acquired and took with him $15,000. The sisters Gougenheim had $4000 each when they left our shores. Mrs. Sinclair might have saved, during her management of the Metropolitan, at least $100,000, but for her extravagance in engaging "stars" and the unheard-of extravagance with which she carried on every branch of the establishment. She went away quite "busted." Lola Montes realized about $12,000 above her expenses. But few stock actors have made money in California. Mr. Henry H. Coad is doubtless the only one who can laugh at fortune. He is worth at least $12,000.

The Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, under the management of J. S. Clark, opens for a season, the length of which depends altogether "upon circumstances," on Saturday, the 11th inst.

Wyzeman Marshal was somewhat injured, in Boston, on the evening of the 4th of July, by the explosion of a mortar during the display of fireworks on the Common.

Mr. Eddy, who has been performing at North's, Chicago, was followed by Mr. McFarlin, and Miss Woodbury, and these were succeeded by Burton, on the 6th.

The Buckleys, with white faces, have started on a tour. Our friends will find them thorough musicians, and perfect gentlemen.

Miss Kate Saxon and Malone Raymond gave one of their peculiar entertainments, in Columbus, Ohio, on the 4th.

The Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, closed on the 4th. A complimentary benefit to J. S. Clarke was to have been given there, however, on the 7th, for which occasion Mr. Edwin Booth was announced.

Jas. S. Browne, appeared at the Howard Athenæum, on Monday, as John Mildway, in Still Waters Run Deep.

John Brougham having closed at Philadelphia thinks of giving the Bostonians a sight at Pocahontas and John Smith.

The promenade concerts at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, having proved successful, continue during the present week. The price of admission is only 25 cents. That's the way to popularise music. Let us have some of these promenade concerts here.

The Florences are at the National, Boston.

The Hodson and Durand Opera troupe, recently performing at the National, Philadelphia, have been succeeded by Polly Marshall.

The various bands of Boston performed together, as one band, under the direction of the famed Ned Kendall, on the Common, on the morning of the 4th.

FOREIGN.

Sam. Lover designs visiting this country in a short time, and, with Miss Williams, will give a series of entertainments, "As they Sit in the Low-Back'd Car."

Russell, *the* Russell, the fighting correspondent of the London Times, threatens to open his batteries upon us during the next lecture season. We will give him a fitting reception, depend upon it.

More than 10,000 persons visited Howe & Cushing's Circus during its two days' sojourn in Bradford. In Leeds, the receipts for two days were £1800.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were back again at the Adelphi, London.

Mrs. Wm. Farren, better known, however, in theatrical circles as Mrs. Faucit, died in London on the 16th June.

Young Hengler, the rope dancer, who became so well and favorably known at Niblo's last season, was performing with his brother's circus, in Liverpool.

Messrs. Lamb and Chappell, with their talented dogs, were giving *tableaux* through the provinces, emblematical of Settlement Life in America.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH EXTRAORDINARY FOR $3000.—A match has been made, and $500 a side deposited in the hands of Mr. A. Colt, of Canal street, as forfeit, to bind the following:

Mr. E. and friend bets $2000 against $1000, that a gentleman (named) does not kill 75 pigeons out of 75 shots, as follows:

The shooter has 50 single birds trapped *singly*, at which he pulls his own string, 10 yards from the trap; thus making 50 single shots at 50 single birds. He then has 25 double birds trapped (*i. e.*) two in the trap, at which he fires *one barrel*, when the trap is drawn by another person at 21 yards distance, making in all 75 shots, (birds, single and double 100) and to win he must kill 75 birds. Current betting is 3 and 4 to one against the gun.

The shooting place and time will be announced in our next issue.

MATCH FOR $600.—Daniel Jenkinson has matched his dog Crib, 30 lbs., against Hugh McNulty's dog Billy, same weight, for $300 a side, $100 a side of which is already deposited in the hands of the stakeholder. The fight is to take place at 49 Madison street, on the 22d of July, between 8 and 9 o'clock P. M.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

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THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & Co., 21 and 23 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
LONG & BOYLE, 32 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER & Co., 12 Court Square, Boston.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md
A. C. BAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUSTIN & BUEL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. EZEKIEL, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

RACE TRACKS.

PRIVATE trotting parks are becoming all the rage. We notice that several of these courses, under the management of associations, have been recently constructed in various localities, and some of them are now in successful operation, whilst others are preparing for a speedy opening. These are but signs of the times. What has been accomplished in this country within the past few years in reference to manly games, healthful pastimes, &c., will soon be followed, we trust, by a new era in turf matters. Race tracks, under the management and sole control of a few men who take more interest in the number of dollars the "gate money" will amount to, or "outside bets" may turn in, than in the improvement of the breed of the horse, have about had their day, and must soon give place to tracks gotten up and sustained by private associations, and in the success of which all freely and liberally contribute.

It is high time we had a change in the management, or rather mis-management of turf matters; and we hail the recent action of our State Legislature in incorporating the new club we lately referred to, as the harbinger of better times for turf interests generally. This new organization, composed as it is of men of undoubted reputation and standing in society, is gradually shaping out a plan of action for its future government which cannot fail of having a beneficial effect not only in this vicinity, but in other localities where racing has fallen into disrepute of late years. Turf matters have been too long in the hands of men unsuited to their proper and honest control. We need something new, such as the new club are about to give us—a race track, conducted in such manner that all may take part in the sports without a fear of being fleeced. Everywhere we notice preparations on foot for new race tracks, either in connection with agricultural societies, or through private enterprise. The Point Breeze Trotting Park, in the lower part of Philadelphia, is a beautiful spot, and is daily visited by hundreds of real lovers of the horse, who take delight in friendly trials of speed over its well-leveled track. The Oxford Park is a similar institution in the upper part of the city. Attempts have already been made by outside parties to convert these tracks into mere speculating concerns, but thus far without success. The members of the associations have, through the press, exposed the intended fraud, and turned the key upon the defrauders. Let a watchful eye be kept upon the movements of all such individuals.

In Massachusetts, the Cambridge track gave way to the march of improvement, and a new company was subsequently organized, called the New England Horse Exhibition Company. They first purchased a site of land in Chelsea and Saugers, and have now added thereto, making about one hundred and fifty acres in all. The capital stock is to be $100,000. The grounds are being put in order and will be completed about the first of August. The estimated cost of these and a few other improvements is some $10,000. The *Bee* states that the company propose to erect there a magnificent fountain. They also propose to decorate and ornament the entire track, so that no park in the country shall exceed it in beauty. The first race over the track of the association will occur on the first of September, at which prizes are to be awarded for the best horses, of $300, $150 and $100. The races will continue three days. On the fourth day there will be a sale of the finest horses offered for premiums.

Thus we see that a fresh interest is being manifested in regard to horses and horse racing, in these parts, which must soon exert a healthful influence on the breed of the horse all over the Union. As field sports and pastimes have spread, so will ultimately sports of the race course. All that is needed to bring sports of every description into favor is, to keep them out of the sole control of the few, and place them within the reach of the many. See what rapid strides we have made of late years. Even the daily press now finds it necessary to give detailed reports of the many events transpiring in the sporting world. So mote it be. Let the good work go on.

BASE BALL.—INTERESTING MATCH IN BOSTON.—From the Boston papers of the 30th of June, we learn that a grand match game of base ball between the Wassapoag Ball Club of Sharon and the Olympic Ball Club of Boston, was played upon the parade ground on the Common, as previously announced, on the 29th. The Herald says it was the most exciting game of ball ever played in Boston, and a large crowd of spectators, numbering some two thousand or more, was attracted to witness the sport. The contest was a very warm one, and resulted in the victory of the Wassapoag Club. The playing upon both sides showed the result of long practice, and won the hearty applause of the spectators, among whom were many ladies.

It would be well to state that the Wassapoags and the Olympics are considered the best clubs in the State, and that, in fact, the contest was for the championship. Several weeks since, the Sharon Club invited their Boston friends to a trial of skill, and it was arranged that the contest should take place on the Common in Boston. It was also agreed that the match should consist of the best three in five games, each game to consist of twenty-five runs. The regulations of the match were such as are usually enforced. The match was won by the Wassapoga in three straight games.

The match was played by twelve of the best players from each club, as follows:

WASSAPOAG CLUB.—Lyman Johnson, Daniel Mahoney, William F. Smith, George Tucker, Edward Hixon, John S. Middleton, Charles Clapp, Charles F. Richards, Chas. F. Bryant, Warren Johnson, Dexter Packard, and Obed P. Johnson. Mr. O. P. Johnson is President of the Wassapoag Club.

OLYMPIC CLUB.—G. W. Wadsworth, H. F. Gill, S. Fletcher, H. Forbush, B. F. Rollins, G. B. Stowe, A. R. Crosby, B. F. Hoyt, G. C. Grimes, B. Crawley, R. G. Hubbard, and A. S. Flye. Mr. Flye is President of the Olympics.

The Referees were—Messrs. A. H. Johnson for Wassapoag Club; Elbridge Coffin for the Olympic Club; and C. W. Pollard. The Tallymen were Messrs. Norman Hardy for the Wassapoag Club; O. F. Frye for the Olympic Club; and W. E. Parsons.

The Ledger says—At about three o'clock the bounds were put down, and the game commenced by the Wassapoag Club. This game lasted one hour and was warmly contested, and won by the Wassapoags, they scoring 25 tallies to their opponents 21.

It was evident from this game that the clubs were pretty evenly matched, and the excitement was immense. After a few moments, the second game was begun by the Olympics, who in about an hour's time run the score up to twenty-four tallies to their opponents eighteen. The Wassapoag Club then seemed to be aware of their position, and putting forth every energy run their score to twenty-five, thus winning the second game.

But even having two games against them, the Olympics determined not to give it up so, and went to work on the third game with a will, and led their opponents till they tallied nineteen to the Sharon boys' sixteen. The game thus far was most warmly contested. The Wassapoags then run their score to twenty-five, thus winning the match in three straight games.

The large crowd then cheered the Sharon boys heartily, and they also received the congratulations of the Olympics.

The throwing of Messrs. Grimes and Rollins, and the catching of Messrs. Wadsworth and Fletcher, of the Olympic Club, were much admired.

Messrs. Warren Johnson and Lyman Johnson, of the Wassapoag Club, by their admirable throwing and catching, showed themselves to be masters of their business.

The following is the score of the three games:

WASSAPOAG.	1st game.	2d game.	3d game.	OLYMPIC.	1st game.	2d game.	3d game.
L. Johnson	3	3	3	Wadsworth	2	0	1
Mahony	1	3	3	Gill	3	1	1
Smith	0	1	2	Fletcher	4	4	1
Tucker	2	1	1	Forbush	3	4	3
Hixon	3	3	3	Rollins	1	1	3
Middleton	3	3	2	Stone	2	3	1
Clapp	2	2	1	Crosby	2	3	1
Richards	2	1	2	Hoyt	1	1	1
Bryant	4	1	1	Grimes	1	1	2
W. Johnson	2	2	1	Crawley	2	3	2
Packard	2	2	4	Hubbard	0	2	2
O. P. Johnson	1	3	2	Flye	0	1	1
Total	25	25	25	Total	21	24	19

RECAPITULATION.

	1st game.	2d game.	3d game.
Wassapoag Club	25	25	25
Olympic Club	21	24	19

ANOTHER RACE BETWEEN FIREMEN.—From the Sacramento State Journal, of May 29, we gather the following particulars of a race which took on the 25th of May, between Confidence Engine Co., No. 1, and the Knickerbocker, No. 5, for $500, the distance being 1650 yards:

The most intense excitement prevailed up and down the line, as the runners, or rather the tremendous cloud of dust that was raised, was seen coming down the street. The Knickerbockers started at a fast run, and it was thought that the boys would have hard work to hold out at a fair rate the whole distance. Their pace was much slackened as they came near the goal. The time given by the outsiders upon the stop was all the way from 6 min. 20 sec. to 7 min. 30 sec.

The judges rode in a coach, keeping a short distance ahead upon each run, but reserved their statement till a proper time. At about a quarter of seven, word was given that the Confidence was coming, and her brass mounted tower was seen moving in the distance. The Confidence boys started at a moderate trot, and six blocks distance were fifteen seconds behind their predecessors in time. They were preceded by the Neptune Hose Cart, drawn by their own men, who were instructed to keep a short distance ahead, partly, probably, to hurry up the twenty-five (the number agreed upon for each company to run) on the machine, and partly to keep the way clear.

Towards the last of the race, the Confidence boys hurried up, and within one block of the goal were traveling with much greater speed than the others when they passed that point. So strong was the impression of their superior travelling, to that of the Knickerbockers at the same point, that over $500 was offered upon the success of the Confidence, but there was no takers. The loss of time by that company, however, in the early part of the race, was fatal to its success.

Upon the race being concluded, Dr. Powell, one of the judges, called the crowd to order, and Wm. Governeur Morris, Esq., announced the following as the time made: Knickerbocker, 6 minutes 52 seconds; Confidence, 7 minutes 5 seconds.

This announcement was received with great cheering, and the defeated company owned up with a very good grace. Capt. Hunt, of the Confidence, offered on the spot to repeat the race for the same sum ($250). The distance run was 1650 yards. The weight of the Confidence was about 3600 pounds, and that of the Knickerbockers about 2850 pounds. The former was a Philadelphia machine, and the latter a "Button Tub." A strong wind was blowing across the road, and an immense crowd, some on foot, some mounted, and some in vehicles, ran with both companies, almost burying them with dust, and otherwise greatly annoying and embarrassing them. The road was a dead level. The Knickerbockers were naturally much elated with their success, and afterwards passed through several of the streets with their machine, neatly decorated, cheering and being cheered, treating their friends when they arrived at their house.

The following is a summary:

SACRAMENTO, *May* 27, 1857.—Match for $250 a side—Running between Fire Engines Knickerbocker, No. 5, and Confidence, No. 1—distance, 1650 yards.

Knickerbocker No. 5, weight, 2850 lbs., rope of 25 men—time, 6m. 52s.
Confidence No. 1 " 3600 lbs. " 25 men—time, 7m. 5s.

PITTSBURGH BOAT CLUBS.—There are now in this city seven regularly organized boat clubs, each of which own pleasure boats. The object of their organization is to reap the benefits of the exercise of rowing, in combination with the pleasure which is afforded by "cruising" upon our beautiful rivers.

The Putnam, owned by the Undine club, was built in New York, and is a very handsome craft. She is classed high in point of speed, and many of the club are reckoned excellent oarsmen.

The Eclipse was built at Freedom, in Beaver county. She is of iron, and her weight is said to retard her speed somewhat. Nevertheless, she is quite a favorite pleasure boat.

The James Barclay, recently built by order of the Union Boat Club, composed of seven young gentlemen of the Second Ward, is said to excel in point of symmetry and beauty, either of those above mentioned, and she completes the list of regular race boats. Her speed has not yet been put to the test, but we understand that her owners would be willing to stand a "pull" with any boat on the water. She is named in honor of the builder, Mr. James Barclay, a carpenter of Allegheny, and an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. She is forty feet in length, twenty-nine inches wide at the centre, and provided with four oars. Survivors of the Fashion, Biddle, and King clubs (famous in days gone by) have examined the Barclay, and pronounce her model superior to that of any other boat ever brought out here. The members of the Eclipse, a few days since, presented to the Union club, a beautiful bow staff and streamer, which was very gratefully received, and which demonstrates the kindly feeling of the donors.

In addition to the race boats mentioned, there are four others built upon the "flat bottom" style, which are not designed for speed. They are of course equally well adapted to exercise and pleasure, and can at the same time be pushed at a very creditable rate of speed. They are styled the James Buchanan, the Young America, the Buckeye, and the Minstrel.

The amusement afforded by pleasure boats is certainly most rational, and no exercise is more conducive to the physical development of the chest, than that of rowing. Hence we cannot but admire and commend the purchase of row boats, and hope that each year the number may be increased.—[*Pittsburgh Union.*

INTERESTING TO RACE BOAT CLUBS.—The case of Eugene O'Neil *versus* Patrick Keenan was decided in the Supreme Court this afternoon. This action was brought by a depositor against the stakeholder, for the recovery of the sum of $300. The facts in the case, as they appeared in evidence, were these:—On the 4th of July last, at the regatta under the auspices of the City of Boston, the boats "Unknown" and "Robert Emmett" contended with others for the prize offered.

The Robert Emmett was declared the winning boat, and received the prize offered by the city. Some days after, the Unknown challenged the Robert Emmett to pull over the same course for the sum of $600—not being satisfied with the result of the race on the 4th. Each boat contributed the sum of $300, which was deposited in the hands of the defendant in this case. Two judges each were selected on the part of the boats, and four judges chose a referee, whose decision was to be binding, if the judges were unable to agree.

The race took place over the course on Charles river, on the 21st of August, and the Robert Emmett was declared the winner. Some objection was made by the judges on the part of the Unknown, and the referee, being called upon by them, gave an opinion in favor of the Robert Emmett, to whom the whole sum was paid over by the stakeholder. Then this suit was brought for the $300 put up by the Unknown.

The plaintiffs contended that the game was illegal, but the Court (Judge Nelson,) decided that the game was legal, but all bets make on legal games were illegal. The question for the jury to decide was whether the defendant had been given sufficient notice not to pay over the wager. They decided that sufficient notice had not been given, thereby giving the case to the defendant. Edward Young, Esq., for the plaintiff. B. F. Russell and C. H. Hudson, Esqrs., for the defendant.—*Boston Ledger*, July 2.

YACHT RACE FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—A grand match race between two model yachts came off on the 27th June, in Long Island Sound, for $500 a side. According to arrangements, the New Rochelle boat Emma, and the Mamaroneck boat Skip Jack, started from Steep Rock, off Collins' Point, proceeding down the Sound to and round the buoy at the Stepping Stones and back, being a distance of twenty miles. The Skip Jack is 23 feet 3 inches long, and the Emma 22 feet 6 inches, but notwithstanding the difference of size in favor of the Skip Jack, they were started together according to agreement, and for about half-a-mile they ran side by side, with the Skip Jack to the windward side, without any perceptible advantage being gained by either. The Emma then made a spring forward and left her competitor behind, and continued to keep her at a respectable distance for the balance of the race.

The two boats started precisely at.....2h. 51m.
The Emma turned the buoy at.....4h. 11m.
The Skip Jack turned the buoy at.....4h. 20½m.
The Emma returned home at.....5h. 20½m.
The Skip Jack returned home at.....5h. 37m.
Thus resulting in favor of the Emma 16½ minutes.

YACHT RACE.—A race between the yachts Samuel J. Webster and John S. Austin, for $100 a side, came off on the East River on the 29th ult. The former was entered by J. E. Ebling and the latter by John S. Austin. They started from the Red House Dock, went round Throg's Point buoy and back. There being very little wind at the time, the race occupied five hours, and resulted in favor of the Webster by half an hour.

THE GREATEST BETTING MAN IN ALL ENGLAND.—A correspondent of the Louisiana Courier thus describes the greatest betting man in all England and his appearance at the recent Derby Races:

Conspicuous among those who were making their way to and fro through the crowd was Mr. Davis, the greatest betting man in all England, and who was actively engaged in completing his book for the coming race. To those who have read or heard of this individual's sudden rise and extraordinary fortunes in the racing ring, it may not be uninteresting to say that, with the exception of a sharp and well-defined profile, and a keen bright eye, there is nothing about the man to indicate genius; his gait is irregular, one foot being slightly lame, while the left shoulder is so much higher than the right as to give his body almost the appearance of deformity. He is of obscure origin, and when he began his betting career he was working at his trade as a journeyman carpenter. He has lost and won hundreds of thousands of pounds within the past few years, and his conduct has throughout been high-toned and strictly honorable. He is said to have lost on one occasion £70,000, which he promptly paid, thus affording an honorable contrast to the conduct, under like circumstances, of his social betters, according to English ideas—men with hereditary titles or bearing commissions in the Queen's service.

A SALOON KEEPER'S BLACK LIST.—The keeper of a lager beer saloon up in Toledo, has hit on a first-rate plan to put an end to bad debts. He posts over his bar, in conspicuous letters, something like the following:

Gobbs owes this house 75 cents for beer.

Nobbs had better come and settle for them beers and sausages. Total—45c.

Hubbs, why don't you be an honest man and pay for the beer? Total—99c.

Bobbs owes this house $2. Gone away. Tam scoundrel. Total—$2.

CRICKET.

DELAWARE VS. COLUMBIA.—An exciting match came off near Germantown, Pa., on Saturday, the 27th ult., between the First Elevens of the Delaware and Columbia Cricket Clubs, which was decided in favor of the latter. In consequence of the absence of five of the members of the Columbia, the remainder were obliged to play, but, notwithstanding, beat their opponents by 74 runs.

The batting of Newhall and C. Mitchell, of the Delaware, as also that of Jenkins, Adams, Bullock and Carpenter, was much admired; much praise is due also to Bullock, the principal bowler of the Columbia, for taking 10 wickets and catching several difficult catches, as the score will show. The fielding on both sides was excellent, but that of H. Tucker and Morris Adams was very superior. R. P. Lisle also exhibited some very fine wicket-keeping, and made two good catches.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the match was not completed until after 4 o'clock P. M., commencing at 10 A. M. Below is the score:

COLUMBIA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Jenkins not out	20	run out	9
2. Bullock c Patterson b Benton	10	c Tucker b Newhall	15
3. Adams b Mitchell	13	not out	10
4. Carpenter b Newhall	15	b Newhall	11
5. Lisle c Fassett b Harrison	8	c Tucker b Benton	12
6. Husband run out	2	c Smith b Harrison	1
Byes 4, leg bye 1	5	Wide	1
Total	73	Total	59

DELAWARE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Newhall b Bulloch	12	c Carpenter b Adams	5
2. C Mitchell not out	10	c Lisle b Carpenter	4
3. Smith b Adams	5	run out	4
4. Benton c and b Bulloch	1	c and b Bulloch	1
5. F. Mitchell b Bulloch	2	c Lisle b Bulloch	2
6. H. Tucker b Bulloch	1	b Bulloch	1
7. Harrison b Bulloch	0	c and b Adams	2
8. C. Tucker b Adams	2	b Jenkins	0
9. A. Perkins c Adams b Bulloch	0	b Lisle	0
10. Fassett b Bulloch	0	b Carpenter	0
11. Patterson b Bulloch	1	b Bulloch	0
Bye 1, no ball 1	2	Bye 1, no balls 2	3
Total	36	Total	22

ALBANY EXCELSIOR CLUB.—This club, which is composed exclusively of juveniles, played an interesting match among themselves, on Saturday, the 27th ult., on the grounds of the Albany club. The sides were made up by the members being taken in alphabetical order from A to N and opposed to those from N to Z. We refrain from commenting on their play, as we think the scores below show abundant evidence of its good quality. The score:

A TO N.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Feary b A. Rathbone	1	b A. Rathbone	0
2. Cone c Ross b A. Rathbone	19	c Wilson b A. Rathbone	2
3. Grimwood c Rogers b Orr	2	c and b Orr	14
4. Hally run out	5	not out	9
5. Many b A. Rathbone	3	b A. Rathbone	2
6. McDonal c Shepard b Wilson	0	hit wicket b A. Rathbone	0
7. McEwan hit wicket b A. Rathbone	0	b A. Rathbone	5
8. Bush b Wilson	0	b A. Rathbone	2
9. Lacy b Wilson	0	absent	0
10. Austin not out	0	b A. Rathbone	0
Wide	1	Wides 2, byes 4, no ball 1	7
Total	31	Total	41

N TO Z.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. A. Rathbone c and b Grimwood	1	c and b Grimwood	8
2. Orr b Hally	1	c and b Grimwood	1
3. Rogers b Grimwood	3	b Grimwood	5
4. Shepard b Hally	0	b Hally	0
5. Ross not out	6	c Many b Grimwood	0
6. Wilson b Hally	5	run out	0
7. L. Rathbone c Many b Hally	2	c Many b Hally	3
8. C. Rathbone b Grimwood	0	not out	0
		Bye	1
Total	18	Total	18

JOHNSTOWN VS. GLOVERSVILLE.—A match between the Johnstown and Gloversville Cricket Clubs came off on the grounds of the latter, on Saturday, the 27th. The weather was everything that could be desired for the game, and the interest which was felt in the result of the match drew together quite a large crowd of spectators. The Gloversville Club having won the toss was the first to go to the wickets; Churchill and Windoes commencing. Churchill, after scoring two, was finely stumped out by W. Burns. Place then took the bat, and him and Windoes kept the field, moving about pretty lively for a short time, when Windoes was obliged to retire by a ball from Weber, which was caught by Schriver. Streeter came next, but after making three by a fine hit, he was caught by Lee. Mills followed, but a fine length ball from Thompson disturbed his hickorys, without adding anything to the score. Miller then went in, but after adding two to the score, was caught by Lingenfelter. Tanner was the next man, but he was soon disposed of with a 0, by being caught by Lingenfelter. H. Comrie followed, but a ball from Thompson, which was caught by Pierson, sent him home with nothing added to the score. M. Comrie was the next to take the bat, but after adding two to the score, was obliged to retire in consequence of the ball landing in the hands of Argersinger. Dennison was unfortunately run out by Place, after scoring two. Allen was the last man, but he was soon disposed of by a fine catch by Lingenfelter, without adding anything to the score. Place was then allowed to retire, not out, after scoring eight, thus closing the innings for 28 runs and 2 wides—total 25.

The Johnstown Club commenced their first innings by sending Van Sickler and Pierson to the wickets. After standing at the wickets for some time, Van Sickler was very unfortunately run out. Weber then took his place, but after a fine hit for two, was caught by Place. B. Burns was the next to take the bat, but went out through carelessly striking the ball into his wickets, after having played it. Henry then went in, but was soon sent home by a ball from Churchill, which was caught by Allen after scoring one; Argersinger followed, but was caught by H. Comrie after making one to the score. Thompson now took the bat, but after scoring four, was disposed of by a ball from Churchill. He was succeeded by Lingenfelter, when Pierson was finely caught in the slip by Churchill. Burns then took the willow, but was soon obliged to part with Lingenfelter's company, on account of a ball from Churchill, which sent the latter home with nothing added to the score. Lee followed, but in attempting to play forward hit his own wickets, without a count. Nine wickets down for fourteen runs. Schriver was the last man to take the bat, when he and Burns gave the fielders something to do; the former making five in three hits, when a ball from Churchill disposed of Burns for a three, leaving Schriver to retire, not out; thus closing the first innings for 24 runs.

Windoes and Place then commenced the second inning for Gloversville. Place was the first to lose his wickets by a shooting ball from Weber; the first wicket down for one run only. Churchill then took the bat, but after scoring three, was caught by a ball from Thompson. Weber sent Windoes home for a one. Streeter then took his place, but a beautiful length ball from Thompson lowered his stumps, with nothing added to the score. Mills followed, but was finely caught at long-field off by Argersinger, after scoring one. Tanner was the next in, but was disposed of for a two, by being caught by Argersinger. His place was filled by H. Comrie, who was caught at mid-wicket by Lingenfelter, with nothing added to the score. Dennison then took the bat, but was sent home with a 0, by a ball from Weber, which was caught in the slip by Thompson. Allen followed, but was caught by Pierson. M. Comrie, after making two,

was allowed to retire, not out; making a total, with two wides and a bye, of 15.

Johnstown commenced their second innings by sending Van Sickler and B. Burns to the wickets, but the latter, after making one, was run out. Pierson was the next man, but after standing at the wickets for nearly half an hour, was caught by Allen, for one only. Weber followed, but a ball from Windoes sent him home for a two. Schriver then took the bat, but after adding five to the score, was unfortunately decided out leg before wicket. Lee, after making one, was allowed, with Van Sickler, to retire, not out; thus closing the innings with 16 runs and 1 wide, with six wickets to go down.

The bowling on the side of Johnstown was not as good as usual, owing to the unfavorable condition of the ground, but the fielding far exceeded our expectations, which will account for the small score of their opponents. The batting was very inferior, particularly in their first innings.

The bowling and fielding on the Gloversville side was good. The following is the score:

GLOVERSVILLE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Churchill st Burns	2	c Thompson b Weber	3
2..Windoes c Schriver b Weber	4	b Weber	1
3..Streeter b Lee	3	b Thompson	0
4..Mills b Thompson	0	c Argersinger b Thompson	1
5..Miller c Lingenfelter b Thompson	2	b Weber	2
6..Tanner c Lingenfelter	0	c Argersinger b Weber	2
7..Place not out	8	b Weber	1
8..H. Comrie c Pierson b Thompson	0	c Lingenfelter	0
9..M. Comrie c Argersinger b Thompson	2	not out	2
10..Dennison run out	2	c Thompson b Weber	0
11..Allen c Lingenfelter b Weber	0	c Pierson b Thompson	0
Wides	2	Bye 1, wides 2	3
Total	25	Total	15

JOHNSTOWN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Van Sickler run out	0	not out	6
2..Pierson c Churchill	5	b Allen	1
3..Weber c Place	2	b Windoes	2
4..Schriver not out	5	leg before wicket	5
5..Lee bit wicket	0	not out	1
6..Thompson b Churchill	4		
7..B. Burns b Churchill	0	run out	1
8..Argersinger c H. Comrie	1		
9..W. Burns b Churchill	3		
10..Lingenfelter b Churchill	0		
11..G. D. Henry c Allen	1		
Byes 2, wide 1	3	Wide	1
Total	24	Total	17

Johnstown winning with 6 wickets to go down.

NEWARK VS. MANHATTAN.—The Second Eleven of the former club measured their strength with the last named club on Wednesday, the 24th ult., on the Hoboken grounds, on which occasion the latter sustained a defeat by 7 wickets. The general play was excellent, and the match much enjoyed by the participants. H. Wright was the big gun for the Manhattan, and Kidd, on the part of Newark, ably assisted by Ward, Stapleton, and McNair. The Newark gentlemen wish us to make especial mention of the kind reception, and good feeling evinced towards them by the gentlemen of Manhattan, which was much appreciated by them, and they hope to have the opportunity of returning the same on some future occasion. The score, which we give below, as it chronicles the doings of many young beginners at the game, will be read no doubt with much interest. The score:—

NEWARK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Kidd c Smith b Wright	32		
2..Ledwith c and b Wright	2	not out	1
3..Ward b Bishop	10		
4..Stapleton b Wright	16	b Reynolds	3
5..Greathead b Wright	3		
6..Clark c and b Wright	20	c Boyd b Reynolds	4
7..Anthony b Bell	1		
8..Barbour c Wright b Bell	5		
9..McNair b Bell	3	not out	8
10..Van Houten not out	3	run out	5
11..Major b Bell	0		
Byes 11, leg bye 1	12	Bye 1, leg byes 2	3
Total	107	Total	24

MANHATTAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..H. Wright c Stapleton b Kidd	1	not out	52
2..M. Bishop b Kidd	3	b Kidd	6
3..Reynolds run out	4	run out	3
4..Williams run out	6	c Greathead b Kidd	0
5..W. Bishop c Ledwith b Kidd	0	b Kidd	0
6..Smith b Ward	1	b Ward	5
7..Quartly b Kidd	4	b Kidd	5
8..Bell b Ward	7	b McNair	0
9..Ebery c and b Kidd	8	c Ledwith b Ward	3
10..Boyd not out	4	b McNair	3
11..Weston l b w b Ward	4	b McNair	0
Wides 2, byes 3, leg byes 2	7	Wide 1, byes 2	3
Total	49	Total	80

ISTHMIAN VS. PANOLA.—A very exciting cricket match was played on Saturday, the 27th ult., between the First Eleven of the Isthmian and the Second Eleven of the Panola Cricket Clubs, on the grounds of the latter club, at Philadelphia, which resulted in favor of the Isthmian by five runs. The playing on both sides was good, but especially the batting of H. Graffen, F. Bissell, Sylvester and M. Graffen, of the Isthmian, and of Murphy, Murray and Norris of the Panola. The bowling of Lane and Platt was also very fine. The following is the score:

ISTHMIAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..H. Graffen c Stanbridge b Platt	6	b Platt	7
2..M. Graffen b Hoyt	0	b Platt	9
3..W. Bissell b Platt	1	c Platt b Hoyt	1
4..McMullen b Platt	2	c Stanbridge b Hoyt	1
5..Sylvester b Platt	3	c Stanbridge b Platt	9
6..J. Lane b Platt	5	not out	1
7..F. Bissell b Hoyt	10	run out	4
8..Adams b Platt	2	c Stanbridge b Platt	1
9..Moore run out	6	b Platt	0
10..Stokes b Hoyt	0	b Platt	0
11..S. Lane not out	1	b Hoyt	2
Bye	1	Byes	3
Total	37	Total	38

PANOLA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Clay b J. Lane	4	b J. Lane	4
2..Hoyt b F. Bissell	0	c W. Bissell b F. Bissell	3
3..Traquair b J. Lane	3	b J. Lane	0
4..Murphy c W. Bissell b J. Lane	11	b J. Lane	0
5..Platt b J. Lane	8	c McMullen b F. Bissell	0
6..Stanbridge b F. Bissell	3	run out	0
7..Murray run out	5	b J. Lane	4
8..Schomacker b J. Lane	0	b F. Bissell	4
9..Norris c J. Lane b F. Bissell	6	b J. Lane	3
10..Knorr not out	0	b J. Lane	0
11..Taylor absent	0	not out	0
Byes 6, leg bye 1	7	Byes	4
Total	47	Total	22

Umpire—For the Panola, Mr. Williams.
" For the Isthmian, Mr. Stovell.
Scorer—Mr. Flanegan.

KEYSTONE VS. GERMANTOWN.—A match was played at Turnpike Bridge near Germantown, Pa., on Saturday the 27th ult. between the Keystone Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, and the Second Eleven of the Germantown Club, resulting in the defeat of the latter in one innings, with ten runs to spare. Owing to the unevenness of the ground between the wickets, the bowlers found it difficult to practise their peculiar "twists" and "shooters" so destructive to the batsmen, and, consequently, "catches" were the order of the day.

Thayer, of the Germantown, made a beautiful running catch at long field; and Bingham, a Keystoner, caught a man out very prettily at leg. A. and C. Waterman, of the Keystone, batted well, the former scoring ten, the latter twelve. Among the Germantowners, Mehl played handsomely to the "off," and Treichel made two or three pretty stiff leg hits. The following is the score:

KEYSTONE.

1..C. Waterman c Bayard b Mehl	12	7..Creely not out	7
2..Staley c Massey b Tucker	5	8..Fryer c Mears b Massey	7
3..Hanson c Russel b Massey	5	9..Newlin c Tucker b Massey	8
4..Fenimore b Tucker	0	10..Wray b Massey	4
5..A. Waterman c Fisher b Massey	10	11..Eakin b Massey	0
6..Bingham c Thayer b Massey	0	Byes 6, leg byes 2	8
		Total	66

GERMANTOWN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Flynn run out	2	c and b Hanson	3
2..Fisher b A. Waterman	0	b A. Waterman	1
3..Massey c Creeley b Newlin	4	run out	2
4..Thayer c Bingham b Newlin	6	run out	0
5..Tucker c Eakin b Waterman	0	b A. Waterman	5
6..Mears c A. Waterman b lin	0	b Newlin	0
7..Wister c Eakin b Newlin	0	leg before wicket b Newlin	2
8..Mehl not out	7	b A. Waterman	5
9..Bayard c Newlin b Waterman	0	b Newlin	0
10..Treichel b A. Waterman	2	not out	7
11..Russel c Fenimore b Hanson	0	c Waterman b Newlin	0
Byes 2, leg byes 2	4	Wide 1, byes 5	6
Total	25	Total	31

Umpire—For Keystone, Mr. C. C. Widdis.
" For Germantown, Mr. Bernardo.

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life in London, June 14, 1857.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JUNE 15.—Morrell and Davies—£10a side, Wellington.
16.—The Tipton Slasher and Tom Sayers—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt, London.
23.—Dan Morris and Brooks—£50 a side, London.
30.—Joe White and Jack Bath—£25 a side, Liverpool.
30.—Baldock and Harris—£25 a side, London.
JULY 6.—M'Nulty and Parkinson—£10 a side, Dudley.
28.—Hatton and Baker—£65 a side, London.
AUG. 4.—Roberts and Welsh—£50 a side, Home Circuit.
4.—Brettle and Job Cobley—£100 a side, London.
11.—Alf Walker and Tommy Smith—£50 a side, London.
SEPT. 23.—Ben Caunt and Nat Langham—£200 a side, London.

THE FORTHCOMING FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM SAYERS AND THE TIPTON SLASHER.

We have at length arrived within two days of the period appointed for the decision of this, the most important event in fistic circles since the year 1853. The last act but one in the great melodrama was duly performed on Thursday evening at Mr. Newham's, Ship Tavern, Hanover-court, Long-acre, when the final deposit of £40 a side was posted, and the immediate friends and backers of the men met to arrange preliminaries. Of course neither of the heroes was present, but the assemblage of sportsmen was very great, and doubtless would have been more than doubled had it not been that many of the Corinthian patrons of the art were too much fatigued after their attendance at Ascot during the day. We did not hear of much betting, but the Slasher was still the favorite at 6 to 4. He has been for some time in close training in the neighborhood of Box Moor, and we are credibly informed is under 14st in weight, and his muscular frame shows very few signs of that old age which his opponents represent to be creeping so fast upon him. We understand that his confidence is unbounded, and that he looks forward to the encounter as the best thing that ever occurred to him. Tom Sayers has been doing extraordinary work in the romantic neighborhood of Six Mile Bottom. He has not left a stone unturned to get fit, and will weigh on the day little over 11st. He, like the Slasher, is in no way deficient in confidence, and is very anxious for the time to arrive to enable him to distinguish himself.

It was originally our intention in this week's paper to give our readers a brief sketch of the previous performances of the men, and also to give them a short insight into the history of the championship; but, owing to the extremely crowded state of our columns, we are compelled to defer this gratification for our next, when we hope to be able to lay before our subscribers every information they can require. We have received innumerable questions as to the weight, height, age, and doings of each man, but we must beg one and all of our correspondents to curb their curiosity until next week.

It was originally intended that the winner should receive the Champion's Belt, to hold until wrested from him in fair fight, or until he had held it three years against all comers, but as we some time back stated, that trophy is to some extent—say £12 or £14—still unpaid for, and it certainly is not our intention to be out of pocket by an affair which we undertook, and for which we made ourselves responsible, solely at the request of other persons, who have never come forward or put down their names as subscribers towards their own particular project. Of course, if the requisite amount is made up prior to the battle money being handed over, the belt will go with it, providing the battle comes off, as there is every reason to believe it will, and provided also that the winner gives a sufficient guarantee that he will yield up the trophy, should he, within three years, have the misfortune to have it wrested from him by a better man. Had the subscription proceeded as it ought, even this guarantee would have been unnecessary, and as it was part of the plan to have a German silver fac simile of belt, to be held as a floating prize until the winner should prove himself worthy of the belt itself. Such, however, has not been the case, and the matter, therefore, still remains in a state of uncertainty.

RILEY AND RAFFERTY.—These well known Birmingham men who were matched at 7st. 4lb., for £20 a side, went to scale at Perk's, Essington street. The whereabouts was kept very close. The company was select. Stratford-on-Avon was the appointed place of meeting, and three miles beyond that famed town, on the same spot as Brettle and Roger Coyne contended last year, a well-roped ring was pitched, and a little after two o'clock the men appeared. Both men looked in good condition, and eager for the fray. Riley was the favorite at 5 to 4. The men crossed hands, got into position, and, after a a good deal of dodging about, Riley feinted with his right; Rafferty popped in a slight hit on the forehead and broke away; Riley pursued the same system, when Rafferty again popped in one on the same place, and Riley made a dash, Rafferty bobbed his head to avoid a well-intended right-hander, and fell on his knees; Riley immediately let fly his left and right whilst Rafferty was in this position. A cry of "foul" was raised, the referee (Bodger Crutchley) was surrounded, appeared confused, and left the ring, stating he would give his decision when he got home. Rafferty's party in the meantime had removed their man from the ring, claiming the battle, and every one had to return home, much annoyed at the turn things had taken. Our correspondent inquired of the referee what his decision was, and he stated that Riley had struck Rafferty a foul blow whilst on his knees. It was not denied by Riley's friends that the blow was struck, but they, as well as Riley, say it was accidental. The referee did not, however, wait upon the stakeholder, Mr. Tailby, till late the next day, when he said he only saw one blow given, and, he was so bothered, he did not know what to do. He intended to have gone over to Riley to caution him not to repeat it, but was prevented from doing so. The stakeholder considered, from all he heard and from the words of the referee, that had he been permitted he would have allowed the fight to proceed; and, under the circumstances, did not feel justified in giving up the battle money to Rafferty, and therefore told the men they must fight again or draw, and they have adopted the latter course We have been asked whether the stakeholder acted rightly in this case? It is, of course, impossible for us to give a decided opinion—not knowing the exact state of things. It seems that the referee gave no decision upon the matter to either of the men or their backers, and in declining to do so on the ground displayed a want of firmness utterly at variance with the office of referee. An opinion given to our reporter can scarcely be called a decision, and we are inclined to think that the stakeholder, under the circumstances of the case, exercised a sound discretion.

AQUATICS.

SCULLERS RACE BETWEEN CHILDS AND WHARF FOR £60.—A scullers race took place last Monday between Charles Childs and Richard Wharf (both below-bridge landsmen). Childs has won several matches of late years, without being once defeated, but of his opponent very little is known. The race was for £30 a side, from North Woolwich to Limehouse Hole, a distance of above seven miles, the usual below-bridge course. The day being very fine, a large number of people assembled to witness the race, on board the Penguin, Diamond Packet Company's steamer (chartered to accompany the match), besides a great number at the starting and finishing points, and other places along the line of route. The spectators were, however, disappointed in seeing a good match, as it was quite a one-sided affair throughout. Thomas Grant was umpire for Childs, Thomas Day for Wharf, and the veteran Bob Newell officiated as referee, an office which was rendered unnecessary, because we are happy to say that, unlike almost every late below-bridge match, everything went off in an honorable manner. All being in readiness, Wharf went away with a slight lead, but did not hold it for more than two hundred yards, when Childs rowed past him, was six lengths ahead at Blackwall, had doubled that distance at Greenwich, and finally won as he pleased.

SCULLERS RACE BETWEEN DEAL AND WHITE, FOR £50.—Another below-bridge match took place on Monday last between William Deal, Jun., of Cherry garden Stairs, and Thomas White, of Mill Stairs, Bermondsey, for £25 a side. Deal was the winner of the Bermondsey Coat and Badge in 1851, and of the Bermondsey boat in 1855. White rowed for the coat and badge in the Royal Thames National Regatta last year, and also won the freedom at the Lambeth Regatta. The distance to be rowed was from the East India Docks, Blackwall, to the Wapping entrance of the London Docks. A very numerous party collected to witness the match. The men got off capitally together. Deal shortly after took a slight lead, which he maintained to the West India Docks. White here came up to him, and after pulling close together for some distance, began to leave him, and drew his boat a length in advance; in this position they continued rowing desperately till they got to the Commercial Dock, Rotherhithe, where White eventually stole away from his opponent, and, gradually increasing his lead, won by five or six lengths.

A SWIMMING FEAT.—A swimming feat of rather a novel character, and which occasioned considerable excitement among the under-graduates and others who assembled to witness it, was performed in the river Isis, at the conclusion of the University eight-oared races, on Monday week. The feat originated in an offer to lay £25 to £1 that an under-graduate, well known in the University, could not, clothed in thick trowsers, heavy boots, and a jersey, swim from the Christ Church barge to the white willow opposite Wyatt's, at Iffley. The wager was made, and at exactly eight o'clock the swimmer, accompanied by friends of both parties, in boats, commenced his task. As no specified time was named for its accomplishment, the gentleman swam very quietly, occasionally resting his arms by floating on his back. The weather had been very warm during the day, but a fresh breeze had now sprung up and rendered the air very chilling. Soon after passing the Long Bridges he experienced an attack of cramp, which it was feared would compel him to resign his task. By a great effort, however, he overcame it, as he did also one or two subsequent attacks, and continued leisurely on his course, arriving at his destination amidst the hearty cheers of the assembled spectators, having completed the distance, one mile and a quarter, in fifty-six minutes. The gentleman, on landing, showed but little signs of fatigue, and, without stopping to change his clothes, started back to Oxford at a brisk run.—Oxford Chronicle.

THE TURF.

WINNERS OF THE ASCOT CUP.*

	Yrs	st	lb
1807 Master Jackey	3	6	12
1808 Brighton†	4	8	2
1809 Anderida	4	7	13
1810 Lotterer	4	8	2
1811 Jeannette‡	5	8	12
1812 Flash	3	6	10
1813 Lutzen	4	8	2
1814 Franks	5	8	9
1815 Aladdin	5	8	12
1816 Anticipation	4	8	2
1817 Sir Richard	4	8	2
1818 Belville	a	9	3
1819 Anticipation	a	9	3
1820 Champignon	4	8	2
1821 Banker (w. o.)	5	8	12
1822 Sir Hilderbrand	4	8	2
1823 Marcellus	4	8	2
1824 Bizarre	4	8	2
1825 Bizarre	5	8	12
1826 Chateau Margaux	4	8	2
1827 Memnon	5	8	12
1828 Bobadilla	3	6	7
1829 Zinganee	4	8	2
1830 Lucetta	4	7	13
1831 Cetus	4	8	2
1832 Camarine§	4	7	13
1833 Galata	4	7	13
1834 Glaucus	4	8	2
1835 Glencoe	4	8	2
1836 Touchstone	5	8	12
1837 Touchstone	6	9	3
1838 Grey Momus	3	6	10
1839 Caravan	5	9	0
1840 St. Francis	5	9	0
1841 Lanercost	6	9	3
1842 Beeswing	a	9	0
1843 Ralph	5	9	0
1844 The Emperor	3	6	10
1845 The Emperor	4	8	5
1846 Alarm	4	8	5
1847 The Hero	4	8	5
1848 The Hero	5	9	0
1849 Van Tromp	5	9	0
1850 Flying Dutchman	4	8	5
1851 Woolwich	5	9	0
1852 Joe Miller	3	6	10
1853 Teddington	5	9	0
1854 West Australian	4	8	5
1855 Fandango	3	6	10
1856 Winkfield	5	9	0
1857 Skirmisher	3	6	10

* From 1845 to 1853, called the Emperor's Plate.
† After a dead heat with Epsom.
‡ Smallhopes came in first, but was disqualified, his owner having omitted to make stakes.
§ After a dead heat with Rowton.

CELEBRATED PRIZE BATTLES.

NUMBER FIVE.

Fight between Patrick Halton and Derbyshire Slack, for 50 Guineas, at Buxton, June 11, 1823.

This was an unpremeditated mill, if we suppose Halton went into the country with any other notion in his napper than fighting. Halton was well known in England, from his doings in Cork. Any man who hath studied the points of fighting—the mode of getting at his opponent and that other of defending his own vital parts, must prove a troublesome customer to the biggest competitor for pugilistic fame, who hath nothing to recommend him but strength, animal courage, and brutal force. These were the only qualities brought into the account this day by Slack, the Derbyshire pride and hero, who has been hailed the Champion of those parts—a title that is sadly misapplied in these times; but, however just his local claims hitherto, it was this day destined to fade and fall before Irish prowess. Slack, the conquer of all his contests hitherto, dinged his beaver with much confidence, followed by Robinson and Moss—localists of note. He stripped fine and muscular, seemed thirteen stone, staight and well made; whilst his opponent fought under eleven stone, viz. 10 st. 10 lbs. He was supported by Tom Reynolds and Arthur, the Birminghamite.

FIGHT.

Round 1. Pat was cautious at the commencement of the round, as if desirous of finding out his adversary's mode of attack; and, in reality, he had enough before him to make him cautious, for Slack, independent of his length and weight, put himself in a most formidable attitude. After a minute spent in moving about, Slack made play, and hit out right, but Pat stopped with his left, and returned a heavy blow with his right on the neck of his big antagonist that dropped him as if shot. A burst of applause from the Patlanders hailed the downfall of the modern Dagon.

2. Both men came up to the scratch determined on mischief. Slack, rendered cautious by his late downfall, made play effectively right and left at his adversary's head, and nobbed him in good style, but both went down in a close, Pat under. "2 to 1 on Slack; he can't lose it."

3. Pat, however, came up to the scratch with a smile of confidence, and went to work jollily, which spoiled the nob of his opponent. In the tumble, Slack under.

4. This was a fighting round; both men went to work busily; hit for hit was exchanged in bull-dog style. This kind of game lasted five minutes, and never did we witness so severe a contest for the time it lasted. Halton finished the round by giving his antagonist a cross-buttock. Loud applause from the Grecians, "Go it, Pat, my boy, you cannot lose it."

5. Slack, determined on mischief, made play at Pat's potatoe-basket, which, after many exchanges, floored him in good style. Loud applause—"Well done, Slack; it's all your own; the Patlander is cutting it."

6. Pat came up to the scratch quite fatigued from the effect of the body blows in the last round. Slack went in, to work, and floored him in good style. 6 to 4 on Slack.

7. This round put the Patlanders in a funk, afraid lest their darling honey should lose it; but he went in to work, and bored his adversary against the ropes. Both down, Pat under.

8. Both men came up well, and Slack, anxious for victory, without ceremony, put in a terrible hit at the mark, and Pat went down as if shot from a cannon-ball.

9. This round was a beautiful treat to the lovers of real milling, as Halton displayed such science as has not been witnessed for a long time, for there was nothing throughout this round but real hitting and stopping, till, at length, Halton put in a heavy hit with the right hand under his adversary's ear, which floored him. Loud applause from the Patlanders—"Any money on Halton; he is sure to win it."

10. Slack was brought up quite fatigued. Pat, resolved not to give a chance way, went to work, and floored his man in good style. A burst of applause from the Patlanders, and 2 to 1 on the lad.

11. Slack, despising all science, ran in, and caught Pat by the knees and threw him heavily. Hereupon Reynolds interfered, saying, "he considered it foul to catch a man by the legs" [below the waistband.] Halton replied, "Don't you know, Tom, how I lost the fight with Belasco, by *them* taking me out of the ring? I am not going to be *bit* again. Let us fight it out; it is fair enough!" "That's right, my boy," says Reynolds, "you are sure to win it. Go along."

12. Pat floored his man with little ceremony by a hit in the centre of the head with the left mawley. Shouts from the Patlanders rent the skies; Reynolds roared out it was "Townsend street to a China orange."

13. Pat was now put upon his mettle, went in, and took such liberties with his adversary's mug, as will prevent his going a counting for some time. "It is all up with him," says Reynolds, "he can come no more."

14 and last. Slack, nearly stupified with punishment, rushed in, but Halton got away; hit him left and right in such scientific style as finished the hash of the Derbyshire hero, who lay senseless; and victory was declared for Old Ireland, amidst shouts that rent the skies from the Patlanders, who carried their darling boy round the ring on their shoulders.

It was observed by some gentlemen on the ground, that they never saw a man make a more determined fight than Slack did throughout, but Halton proved too much for his heavier opponent—Slack had not looked for such a punisher as Halton turned out to be, and was forced to own up beat.

RULES FOR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

NO. XII.

FIVE AND TEN.

THIS is a favorite game with the Irish; and though the different ranking of the cards in the red and black suits, and the change in their value when trumps and when not trumps, renders it somewhat difficult to attain a facility in playing it, yet the pains bestowed in learning will be amply compensated by the pleasure obtained when a thorough knowledge of the game is acquired. A complete pack of cards is used, and two, three, or four persons may play. Each game is decided in one hand, and it consists in endeavoring to get the majority of the five tricks, which is called a Five, and entitles the winner to the stakes played for; or to gain the whole five tricks, which is called a Ten, and the winner in this case draws double stakes.

The following is the Rank and Order of the cards when the respective suits and trumps:

Hearts and Diamonds.	Spades and Clubs.
Five, Knave,	Five, Knave,
Ace of Hearts,	Ace of Hearts,
Ace of Diamonds,	Ace of Spades or Clubs,
King, Queen,	King, Queen,
Ten, Nine,	Two, Three,
Eight, Seven,	Four, Six,
Six, Four,	Seven, Eight,
Three, Two,	Nine, Ten.

And the following is their order when not trumps:

Hearts and Diamonds.	Spades and Clubs.
King, Queen,	Ace, King,
Knave, Ten,	Queen, Knave,
Nine, Eight,	Two, Tree,
Seven, Six,	Four, Five,
Five, Four,	Six, Seven,
Three, Two.	Eight, Nine,
Ace of Diamonds.	Ten.

From the above lists it will be observed that the Five is first, and the Knave second in order, when trumps, and that the Ace of Hearts is always trumps, and ranks as the third best card. These three cards have the privilege of revoking, when it suits the holder of them to do so; but if the Five be led, the holder of the Knave or Ace must play it, if he has not another trump to play, and the Ace unguarded must in like manner be played if the Knave be led,—the superior card always forcing the inferior. The Ace of Diamonds, which is fourth in order when that suit is trumps, is the lowest when not trumps; and the usual rank of the inferior cards is reversed in the black suits, the two being above the three, the three above the four, and so on, the ten ranking lowest, whether trumps or not.

MODE OF PLAYING.

The parties having cut for deal, which the lowest Five and Ten card wins, and each having deposited an equal stake, the cards are cut, and five dealt to each player, by twos and threes, the next card being turned up for trumps. If the elder hand has a certain Five, that is to say, if he holds three cards which will each take a trick, he ought to play them, as there is a great probability, if his two remaining cards are tolerable, that he may get the whole five, and thus win a double stake. But if he holds only indifferent cards, the best method is to throw the lead into his opponent's hand by playing an inferior card, in the hope of regaining it at the third trick, which is the critical stage of the game; and as three tricks constitute a Five equally as four, it is reckoned better play to reserve the best cards till the third trick, than to risk the game by eagerness to secure the two first.

If the party consists of four, they play in two partnerships, which are determined by cutting the cards, the two lowest playing against the two highest, or by agreement among the parties. The maxims at Whist relative to leading and how to play when your partner leads will in general be found of considerable use here.

When three play at this game, it is still necessary that one of them should win the three tricks in order to make a Five, as the stakes must remain for next game if two of the players get two tricks each, and the other one. If the cards you hold do not entitle you to expect to make the Five yourself, the object should be to spoil it, or to prevent its being made at all, by thwarting that player who appears most likely to obtain it. If a Ten is made, the two losers must each pay another stake to the winner, in addition to the three deposited; but it is sometimes agreed to dispense with this, and not to allow Tens when the game is played by three.

Each player must follow suit when he can, under the penalty of forfeiting his stake, except in the case of the three best trump cards, viz: the Five and Knave and the Ace of Hearts, each of which are privileged to renounce, under the exception stated above; but it is not incumbent on any one to take a trick unless he chooses, if he conforms to the above regulation.

If the turn-up card is an ace, the dealer must take it into his hand, throwing out a card in lieu of it; and if either of the players hold the ace of the trump suit, he must take in the turn-up card before he plays, or if he does not choose to take it in, must turn it down, in order to show that he holds the Ace,—both under penalty of forfeiting his stake.

Where the game is strictly played, the person who misdeals, or who departs from the order with which the game begun, of dealing either the three or the two cards first, forfeits his stake.

THE ENGLISH RING.

THE GREAT FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

AND £400 BETWEEN

TOM SAYERS AND THE TIPTON SLASHER.

From Bell's Life in London, June 21, 1857.

"Common sense a caution speaks
To statesmen and to country beaks.
If you'd preserve Old England's name,
Her honor, courage, and her fame,
Don't try to stop the fistic game.
The Heavens then may hear our prayers,
And send us many sons like Sayers."
POEMS OF A. M., Canto I.

SELDOM has it fallen to our lot to describe an event of similar importance to that now under notice which has been carried out from first to last with such good feeling and manly straightforwardness on both sides as has been displayed from first to last during the progress of the match between Tom Sayers and Bill Perry, and never, since the memorable affair between Bendigo and Ben Caunt, in 1845, has there been a match which has excited such general interest beyond the circle of regular supporters of true old British boxing. Here was a man, the acknowledged champion of the middle weights, boldly throwing down the gauntlet to the equally acknowledged Champion of England, and daring him to combat for the title and reward to which for so long a time he had laid claim without meeting an adversary of his own weight and inches daring enough to deny his pretensions. Not a semblance of ill feeling was there existing between the men, and we are glad to state that throughout, even up to the very contest itself, did they maintain towards one another the most kindly sentiments. The only matter at issue between them was, whether a man of 5 feet 8 inches, and 11 stone in weight, possessed of very considerable science, could contest, with any chance of success, against one topping the 6 feet by half-an-inch, and weighing not less than 14st. 6lb. The Slasher himself laughed at the idea of defeat, and stated to us his firm belief that on entering the ring he would, in addition to other advantages, be found the cleverer man of the two. He said he had made up his mind not to run all over the ring after his younger and more active opponent, but to take his stand at the scratch, and await the onslaughts of the gallant Sayers. This we (who knew the bold Tom's capabilities) deemed a sound determination; but how far the burly Tiptonian adhered to it on entering the ring will appear in the sequel. Sayers also to some measure made us his confidant as to his intentions on the day of battle, and intimated that he believed the Slasher was perfectly worn out and incapable of anything like prolonged exertion. He had fully made up his mind, he said, to keep him on his pins, and lead him about the ring, by forcing the pace until he should be so exhausted as to be somewhat nearer his own mark. He, like the Slasher, scorned the idea of defeat, and, from what we have heard, felt such intense confidence from the very day the match was made, that he invested almost every penny he possessed upon the result of the encounter. The excitement in all quarters increased week by week from the time the match was made, and in every sporting circle the match was made one of the great themes of discussion. The general feeling at first appeared to be that Sayers had by his victory over Aaron Jones got above himself, and that his overweening confidence would lead him into unexpected difficulties, if, indeed, as was in many quarters anticipated, the match did not end in a forfeit on his part. As the time approached, however, and it was found that both men were in active work, and evidently both meaning mischief, the doubts as to the match going on vanished, the only point remaining for discussion being the fool-hardiness of Sayers, and the overweening confidence of his friends in allowing the match to go on. The Sayers' party, however, maintained their own opinion, and from first to last contended that the Slasher must be stale and out of practice; that he was destitute of scientific acquirements, and so slow that any want of size and weight on the part of his adversary were fully compensated for by these deficiencies. We believe they never refused to take 6 to 4, and finally accepted 5 to 4 against their pet.

HISTORY OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

THE first man, as our readers are aware, who aspired to the title of Champion of England, was the celebrated Figg, who flourished about the year 1719, and who was, we believe, the first man who ever attempted to bring the practice of pugilism within scientific rules. To Figg, succeeded two boxers named Pipes and Gretting, who appeared to have contested together for the championship on some five or six occasions, with different results, Pipes eventually leaving off the conqueror. About this time George Taylor, who, like Figg, had a large booth in Tottenham Court road, set up a title to the championship, but upon what ground does not appear, seeing that we have no record of his fighting Pipes, who, in 1740, had to resign his laurels into the hands of the celebrated Jack Broughton. Taylor appears to have fought and defeated one Boswell, a gipsy, and also to have obtained a victory over Jack Slack, who subsequently defeated Broughton, but how this could give him any title to the championship we are at a loss to conceive, especially as it appears from *Boxiana* and other authorities that George proved an easy conquest to Broughton himself. Broughton, who obtained the position of premier boxer of England, by his victory over Pipes, lost his supremacy on the 10th of April, 1750, when he was defeated by Jack Slack, in fourteen minutes; but his defeat was attributed to too great confidence, and a consequent want of condition. Slack, who is described as a man standing 5 feet 8½ inches, about the height of Tom Sayers, and weighing 14 stone (the weight of the Slasher), held the championship for ten years, when he had to succumb to Bill Stevens (the Nailer), a man of gigantic strength, who might have retained the title for years, had he not been tempted from the right course by persons who, desirous of profiting by his dishonesty, persuaded him, for a consideration, to sell his position to one George Meggs, whom he might, had he been so disposed, have vanquished without a scratch. Stevens gave in after fighting 17 minutes, and afterwards acknowledged that he had sold the fight, asserting that he was still as good a man as ever. His conduct, however, had brought him into such disrepute with his former friends, and the public generally, that he could not afterwards find backers, and he sank gradually into oblivion. George Meggs soon lost the champion's barrel, to one Milsom, a baker, who in turn cried *peccavi* to Tom Juchau (the Paviour), after a most desperate battle. Shortly after this Tom Juchau was challenged to single combat, by one Bill Darts, a boxer of renown, and they fought for 1,000 guineas. The contest was long and doubtful, but after a very severe struggle, Darts bore off the palm. Darts subsequently defeated Dogget, "a bargee" of great strength, Swansey, a butcher, and others, and after holding the title for five years was defeated by Lyons, a waterman, of Kingston-on-Thames, who, however, appears not to have been desirous of retaining the victor's chaplet, as he declined entering the arena with Peter Corcoran, the next candidate for fistic honors, who thereupon assumed the title of Champion, which Bill Darts now attempted, but without success, to regain for himself, Corcoran defeating him in one round. Corcoran, who stood 5ft. 11in. in height, maintained his position for seven years, and on the 16th of October, 1776, met Harry Sellers. This battle was another instance of principle being overcome by temptation, and Corcoran, after polishing off his man for some time with the greatest ease, suddenly changed his tactics, and after pretending to be weak, and deliberately giving his head to his opponent, cried a "go" at the expiration of 23 minutes. There appears to be no doubt as to the dishonesty of Corcoran, who, like Bill Stevens, quickly sunk into beggary, and contempt. Harry Sellers, who belonged to the "get down" fraternity, possessed some science and strength, but was never held in very high esteem, owing to his dropping propensities. He fought several battles after his meeting with Corcoran, and then was beaten by an Irishman, named Harris, but whether Harris ever assumed the Championship we know not, as we can find no further record of him or of any other Champion until 1783, when Tom Johnson (whose real name was Jackling), a Yorkshireman, appeared upon the stage. Johnson is described as standing 5ft. 9in., or rather less, and weighing 14 stone. He was more muscular than elegant in appearance, but was a most effective boxer. He appears to have defeated many good men and true, including Stephen Oliver, Bill Warr, and Mike Ryan, an Irishman, twice; but both these last battles were gained by Johnson more through the passionate temper of his adversary getting the better of him than from any actual superiority. After this, on the 22d of October, 1789, Johnson fought Isaac Perrins, of Birmingham, a man weighing 17 stone, and standing 6 feet 2 inches in height. The battle appears to have borne a striking resemblance, in some respects, to the last between Caunt and Bendigo. Johnson's activity at first enabled him to plant with severity on his opponent, but as he got weaker he resorted to tumble-down tactics, which alone enabled him to retain his title. Both men were severely punished, but Perrins at last had to succumb to his more shifty adversary, being nearly blind and extremely weak. His own wish was to continue the contest, but his friends forced him off the stage. In this feature alone did the battle differ from that between Bendigo and Caunt, in which the latter was not allowed to have the shadow of a chance, owing to the strong party feeling of the Nottingham lambs. This was Johnson's last victory, for on the 17th of January, 1791, he had to surrender all his honors to Bryan, otherwise Big Ben, a native of Bristol, who, after fighting some first-rate men, met Johnson, and a terrific encounter was the result. There was no feinting or stopping; it was a slogging match in every sense of the word. They stood toe to toe and face to face, and ding-dong, give and take, was the order of the day, until Johnson, who had broken one of his fingers against the stakes, at last became wild and desperate, threw himself open to his opponent, who, calm and steady, watched his opportunity, and finally closed the encounter by a cut on the mouth, which sent the champion to dorse. The punishment each man received in this fight was of the most tremendous nature. In 1794 Bryan was matched with Wood (the Coachman), but before the day of battle Bryan was taken ill, and died on the 8th of April, thus as it were dying in harness. After Bryan, none seemed so fitting a man to hold the champion's position than the renowned Dan Mendoza, who, after suffering defeat at the hands of Gentleman Humphries, had twice vanquished that accomplished and elegant pugilist, and had also obtained an easy victory over Bill Warr, one of the opponents of Tom Johnson. As soon as Mendoza claimed the championship, Warr, not contented with his former defeat, claimed another trial, which Mendoza accorded, and the cause was heard Nov. 12, 1794, when Dan gained a verdict with the greatest ease. On the 15th of April following, however, the Pet of Petticoat-lane, had to surrender his honors to the celebrated and much-esteemed Mr. Jackson, one of the most powerful and well-proportioned men of modern and, we should say also, of ancient times; in height, about 5ft. 11½in.; his weight was 14 stone, and all of it substantial thew and sinew. His strength was almost gigantic, and his science of the most extraordinary nature. His battle with Mendoza lasted 10½ minutes, during which nine rounds were fought, and Mr. Jackson won without a scratch. After this battle Mr. Jackson retired from the Ring, but not without offering to give Mendoza another chance—an offer of which the latter did not avail himself. Mr. Jackson, who gained the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and who was a constant guest at the tables of many of the nobility, who had been his pupils, died in October, 1845, aged 77, having realized a competency by the profits of his rooms in Bond street. His last opponent, Dan Mendoza, after fighting several gallant battles—the last when he was 53 years of age—finally retired in 1816, and died in September, 1836, in Petticoat lane, aged 73. Mendoza fought nearly forty pitched battles, in thirty of which he was successful. On the retirement of Mr. Jackson, Jem Belcher was at once promoted to the chief position, and he held it against all comers until it was wrested from him by Harry Pearce, the Game Chicken, a pupil of his own. This was in 1806. After losing the Championship, Jem made two more essays in the P. R. with Tom Cribb, by whom he was on each occasion defeated. He died July 30th, 1811, aged 31. Pearce, who had defeated Bourke and Gully, conquered Belcher in 1805, but never afterwards appeared in the P. R. He became a licensed victualler at Bristol, but dissipation broke up a powerful frame and strong constitution, and Harry died in 1809, at the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's lane, aged 32. He gave up all claim to the Championship in 1808, and the honor was offered to Mr. Gully, who, however, had no desire to continue his career as a pugilist, and vacated for a worthier and higher position, in favor of Tom Cribb, who had beaten Jem Belcher, Gregson, and other good men. Tom Cribb, who stood 5ft. 10in. in height, or thereabouts, weighed 14st. 3lb. His contests with Belcher, Gregson, and Molyneux, the black, will long live in fame as some of the gamest hand to hand encounters ever fought. Tom never re-appeared in the ring after his second battle with Molyneux, on the 28th of September, 1811, but this was because no one was found to dispute his title, and in 1823 he retired in favor of Tom Spring, who had defeated Jack Carter, Tom Oliver, Bill Neat, and others, and who had also fought two battles with Ned Painter, one of which he lost and the other he won. Spring, while champion, twice defeated Jack Langan, and some short time afterwards retired upon his laurels. Poor Spring stood 5ft. 11½in., and his fighting weight was between 13st. and 14st. For many years he kept the Castle Tavern, Holborn, where, as our readers are aware, he died August 20th, 1851, deservedly respected and lamented by all who knew him. An upright, straightforward fellow, of kindly disposition and generous habits, he could not but be liked by every one. His death was, in many respects, a sad blow to the P. R. He was only 56 years of age.

To Tom Spring succeeded Jem Ward, who, amongst others, defeated Tom Cannon, Phil Sampson, Jack Carter, and Simon Byrne. He was during his Championship defeated by Peter Crawley, who, two days after the fight, on being challenged to a second meeting, announced that he had not entered the ring with any intention of claiming the Championship, but merely for the purpose of ascertaining which was the better man. He did not intend to fight again; he thought Ward was quite as good a man as himself, and it was accident alone that decided in his favor. Any further challenges would be useless, and he would not enter the ring again, even to please the King of England. Jem Ward, retired from the ring about 1832, and went into business as a licensed victualer at Liverpool, where, for many years, he carried on a profitable business at the Globe, Williamson square, where he gained the respect of all who knew him. Some four years ago, however, he came to town, and, after two unsuccessful attempts to establish himself—once in Jermyn street and once in Oxford street—he last year removed to the East End, where all his old friends and patrons were resident, and where, in the Whitechapel road, we are glad to hear, he is driving a roaring trade. For some little time after Jem's secession the title of champion seems to have been bandied about among several candidates.

Deaf Burke laid claim to the office after his defeat of Simon Byrne, and finding no one willing to dispute his position, he went in search of fresh laurels to the United States. During his absence the second fight took place between Caunt and Bendigo, which was decided in favor of Caunt on the ground that Bendy had fallen without a blow. Caunt after this battle announced his intention of claiming the Championship, but this announcement brought a reply from the Deaf-un, on his return from America, in which he said he was ready to fight any man in the world for any sum up to £500 a side, and as Jem Ward had retired, he hoped he would add his champion's belt to the stakes. The Deaf-un's bold challenge brought a speedy rejoinder, not from Caunt, but from his recent opponent, Bendy, who deposited £100 with Peter Crawley to make a match. At first this did not lead to business, but subsequently the men came together, and articles were drawn up, Deaf Burke staking £120 to £100. Burke's age at this time was 29 years, and his weight 12 st 7 lb, his height being 5 ft 8 in. Bendy was 25, weighed under 12 st, and stood 5 ft 9¼ in. The fight came off Feb. 12, 1839, and, as will, doubtless, be remembered, was won by Bendigo, the Deaf-un having so far forgotten himself as to butt his adversary in the most deliberate manner, doubtless, as we stated at the time, for the purpose of terminating the fight by a foul, rather than suffer the mortification of a more humiliating defeat. Bendigo on this occasion received a champion's belt from Jem Ward, and at once offered to make a fresh match with Caunt, an offer which at the time was declined. It was about this time that he met with an injury to the cap of his knee which compelled him to retire temporarily from the Ring, and the Deaf-un once more arrogated to himself the champion's crown. His right was disputed by Nick Ward, who made good his position by defeating the Deaf-un with great ease in 17 rounds, Sept. 22d, 1840. The Deaf-un, after this, defeated Bob Castles, and died in 1845. The victory of Nick Ward led to a match between himself and Ben Caunt, which took place Feb. 2d, 1841, and ended in favor of Ward, in seven rounds and 12 minutes, Ben, in a fit of vexation at Nick's dropping, having delivered his one, two, while Nick was on his knees. Caunt, of course, was dissatisfied with this result, and a fresh match was made, a subscription belt being added to the stakes to be awarded to the winner. The mill came off on the 11th May, 1840, and ended in an easy victory on the part of Caunt, Ward, after having dropped repeatedly without a blow, having finally declined to continue the contest, after a battle of 35 rounds and 47 minutes.

From this time, to 1845, Caunt held the Championship without dispute, but in that year Bendigo, having recovered from his accident, re-appeared on the stage to claim his *quondam* position. His right was denied by Caunt, and a match was made, which, as every one knows, came off Sept. 9, 1845, when, after 93 rounds, occupying two hours and ten minutes, the friends of Bendigo forced the referee into a decision in their favor, although their man had repeatedly fallen without a blow, and had, nevertheless, been permitted to continue the contest, in order to save the referee from the vengeance of these gentle patrons of the art of the Nottingham School. The facts connected with this battle must be fresh in the minds of most of our readers. Our space forbids our here enlarging upon them, and the curious in the matter we must refer to the account published in *The Fights for the Championship*. Bendigo, although he refused to make another match with Caunt, stuck to the belt, and Caunt, finding his business too lucrative to permit of his leaving it, at length retired from the Ring, and Bendy was left unmolested until 1850, when Tom Paddock, then a comparative novice, challenged him, and they fought for £200 a side, June 5, 1850. The fight lasted 59 minutes, during which 49 rounds were fought, almost all in favor of Paddock; who completely outpaced his stale opponent, but who, in the end, allowed temper to overcome discretion, and lost his chance by giving Bendy a couple of hot-uns on the nob when that worthy was on his knees. In December, 1850, Paddock met one of the heroes of our present story (the Tipton Slasher), and again lost the day by delivering a foul blow, and the Slasher forthwith issued a missive calling on Bendy to meet him or resign the belt and the Championship. The latter the bold Bendy willingly relinquished and retired from the Ring, but the former being of a more tangible nature he declined to part with it, and it is supposed to be in his possession up to the present day. It has, therefore, never fallen to the lot of the Slasher to hold the *bona fide* transferable belt, although he still holds a presentation trophy, given to him after his fight with Tom Paddock. We have now brought our history of the Championship, so far as it is ascertainable, down to the time when it becomes blended with the story of one of the heroes of the day, and we shall, therefore, close this portion of our account, and proceed to lay before our subscribers

THE HISTORIES OF THE MEN.

Bill Perry (the Tipton Slasher) states that he was born at Tipton in 1819, and, if he is correct in this statement, he must have commenced his career as a pugilist at the early age of 16, as we find it recorded that, on the 3d of Nov., 1835, he defeated one Dogherty, at Chelsea. He then weighed about 10st. 10lb. On the 27th of December, 1836, he defeated Ben Spilsbury, for £40 a side, in 19 rounds, at Oldbury; and on the 22d of November, 1837, he obtained his third victory in a battle with Jem Scunner, (the Gornel Champion,) now gamekeeper to a noble lord. This fight lasted 60 minutes, and 31 rounds were fought. It was several years after this that the Tipton was brought up to town by Johnny Broome, who attempted to bring about a match between him and a man called the Dorsetshire Champion, who was a protege of Jem Burns. Johnny, it is said, took the Slasher with a chain round his neck, and showed him to "my nevy," pretending he was a sort of wild man of the woods; but ould Jem did not like his looks, and declined to back his Champion against him. The Slasher was then matched by Broome against Deaf Burke, then stale and in failing health; but by some mistake on the part of Johnny, a forfeit occurred when only £15 a side were down, and the Deaf-un never gave away another chance. The Slasher, however, was not doomed to remain long without a customer, for about this time Caunt returned from a tour in America, bringing with him Charles Freeman (the American Giant,) who was forthwith pitted against the Slasher, and they met for the first time December 14, 1842, at Sawbridgeworth, and after fighting 70 rounds in 84 minutes, with pretty equal advantages, were stopped by darkness, and the fight was finally brought to an unsatisfactory conclusion on the 20th of December, in Cliffe Marshes, below Gravesend, Freeman being proclaimed the victor through the Slasher falling without a blow in the 38th round. On the 19th of December, 1843, the Slasher for the first time met Tass Parker, for £100 a side, and after fighting 67 rounds in 95 minutes, the police interfered and the fight was postponed to February 27, in the following year, when Tass, after fighting 133 rounds in 152 minutes, fell without a blow, and the Tipton was proclaimed the winner. On the 4th of August, 1846, the same adversaries again met, and our hero was a second time victorious in 23 rounds and 27 minutes. For three years after this, beyond a futile effort to make a match with Ben Caunt, he appears to have been shelved, and in Sept., 1849, we find him forfeiting to Con Parker, then a promising young big one. On the 17th of December, 1850, he made his first appearance as a bona fide claimant for the Championship; and, as we stated above, met Tom Paddock for £100 a side, and after fighting 27 rounds in 42 minutes by moonlight, won his battle by a foul blow. The following year his former friend and backer, Johnny Broome, undertook to find a man to fight him for the Championship, and on the challenge being accepted, Harry Broome stepped forward and announced that he was the Simon Pure. The Slasher was nothing loth, and a match was the result for £200 a side. It came off Sept. 29, 1851, at Mildenhall, Peter Crawley being referee, and ended in a verdict against the Slasher on the ground that he had struck Broome when on his knees. It did not appear to us at the time to be a wilful foul on the part of the Tipton, and we have always considered that Peter strained the cord too severely, but the fiat once given could not be recalled. It was a question of intention, and we have always maintained that the blow was entirely accidental. A fresh match was made between the same men, which ended in a forfeit of £25 to the Slasher in August, 1853, whereby he regained the title of Champion, as Broome retired from the Ring, and from that time until the present match the Slasher has not figured in any way in the pugilistic hemisphere except as the receiver of forfeit last year of £70 from Aaron Jones, and £80 from Tom Paddock, both of whom were anxious to wrest his title from him, but neither of whom appeared able to raise the requisite amount of dollars to complete the stake. It was thought by most people that the Slasher would now have retired from the Ring, but the announcement of the establishment of the new Champion's Belt appeared to have instilled fresh vigor into his constitution, and he announced his intention of defying all comers who might be anxious to dispute his title to the trophy. He was not, as is well known, kept long in suspense, as almost immediately after the defeat of Aaron Jones by Tom Sayers, the present match was made for the Slasher by Jemmy Massey. The Slasher stands six feet and half an inch in height, and in his best days fought about 13st. in weight. From the waist upwards he at one time possessed one of the finest and most herculean busts we ever saw, but his pins being somewhat the shape of the letter K, considerably deteriorated from the beauty of his configuration, which, had his understandings been straight, would have been the perfection of manly strength. He is a game, resolute fellow, but never possessed any very strong claims to scientific acquirements. He was a terrific hitter with his right when he did get home, but was always rather slow in his deliveries. As soon as the present match was made he gave up his public house in Spon Lane, Tipton, and commenced gentle exercise, and gradually got off his superabundant weight. About six weeks back he betook himself to the neighborhood of Box Moor, where by steady work he got himself as fit as a man of his age and former somewhat fast habits could be expected to do. There were all sorts of rumors as to his condition, some saying he was as fat as a pig, and others asserting, on the contrary, that he was as thin and worn out as a starved greyhound. As it turned out, however, the happy medium would have been nearer the mark. He was certainly not so thin as we have seen him, but his muscles were tolerably well developed, and there was a glow of health upon his good tempered mug which betokened no want of attention to his training. His weight was somewhat over 14 stone, and on his arrival at Owen Swift's on the day before fighting, he announced that he felt quite up to the mark, and was as well as ever he had been in his life. He felt perfect confidence as to the result, and pooh-poohed the very idea of defeat. He left London the same afternoon en route for the scene of action, and was picked up the following morning at Tilbury. He did not remain in town to show at the benefit of the Association, for prudential reasons, it being whispered that the powers that be had their eyes upon both men, and intended a grab should either make his appearance in public.

Tom Sayers, now Champion of England, first saw the light in 1826. He was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, and not at Camden Town, as we erroneously stated some time back. For several years he carried on the trade of a bricklayer, and it was not till March 19, 1849, that he first took to milling as a profession. On that day he defeated one Couch for £5 a side, at Greenhithe, and displayed such talent that he was not long after matched against Dan Collins, then considered to be a rising star among the middle weights. These men met October 22d, 1850, at Edenbridge, for £25 a side, and after fighting nine rounds in 27 minutes, with pretty equal advantage, the beaks interfered, and they had to move to Red Hill, where 39 more rounds were got through in one hour and fifty-two minutes, when darkness put an end to hostilities. There was little to choose between the men at the finish, but if anything, Collins appeared the more scientific boxer. An other appointment was made for April 29th, 1851, on which day the lads met at Long Reach, and Tom gained the victory in 44 rounds and 84 minutes. He had evidently improved in both strength and science, and his friends forthwith looked out for another customer for him. At first there was some difficulty in this, but early in 1852 Jack Grant, then in his zenith, consented to honor our hero with a conference for £100 a side, and on the 29th of June in that year the men met at Mildenhall, Grant being the favorite at 5 and 6 to 4. It was not a good fight. Sayers knowing the dangerous nature of his antagonist, fought accordingly in a cautious manner, and there was more pulling and hauling than we have since seen in all Tom's fights put together. The battle lasted two hours and fifty minutes, during which sixty-four rounds were fought; and finally Jack Grant, who was severely punished about the body, had to give in. On January 26, in the following year, Jack Martin had the temerity to enter the roped arena with Sayers, and suffered a most egregious defeat in 23 rounds and 55 minutes. Sayers retired with scarcely a scratch, while his adversary, who took his gruel most gamely, was severely punished. In Tom's next encounter he was doomed, for the first and only time during his career, to suffer defeat: this being, as is well known, at the hands of the accomplished Nat Langham, then the acknowledged champion of the middle weights. The fight was for £100 a side, and took place at Lakenheath, October 18, 1853. Tom struggled bravely, but ineffectually, against Fate. He went in, round after round, in the most determined way, and left not a dodge untried to get to windward of Nat. The latter, however, was too leary and too clever for Tom. He timed him in the most scientific way—in every round, got home continually very straight on Tom's proboscis and peepers, and finally reduced him to complete darkness in both eyes, and Tom was forced to capitulate, after fighting 61 rounds in two hours and two minutes. On February 28, 1854, Tom encountered George Sims, and staked £50 to £25. This was a most ridiculous match on the part of Sims, who had not the ghost of a chance, and was hit out of time in four rounds and five minutes, without having touched his opponent. Sayers made several efforts about this time to get on a fresh match with Nat Langham, feeling extremely jealous of Nat's lamps, which bore the title, Champion of the Middle Weights. Nat's health, however, became very indifferent, and he declined to make another engagement. He shortly retired from the Ring, and Tom then assumed the title he had long coveted of Champion of the Middle Weights; but, alas! he had now no public house whereunto he might affix the much-coveted lamps. He therefore challenged the world at 11st in weight, but for nearly two years was without a customer. Towards the close of 1855 he took a fancy to try conclusions with Harry Poulson of Nottingham, a powerful boxer of 12st weight, who had fought three tremendous battles with Paddock, losing two and winning one. Poulson was nothing loth, and a match was made for him by Jem Burn. They met on the 29th Jan, 1856, at Appledore, and great was the surprise expressed at the temerity of Sayers in meeting such a strong, determined adversary. Sayers was anything but fit on this occasion, and, although at the commencement he led off and got first blood and first knock-down, his stamina quickly failed him, and he had for some time to resort to the dropping system, to avoid the desperate onslaughts of Poulson. Slowly, however, but surely, he kept on dropping in sharp smacks on the nose and peepers of the gallant Harry, whose optics gradually closed, and finally, in the 109th round, at the end of three hours and eight minutes, Tom managed to administer the *coup de grace*. Some time after this Tom was matched with Paddock, who agreed to stake £200 to £100, but the affair ended in smoke, and he subsequently threw down the gauntlet to Aaron Jones, who, looking upon the offer as too good to be lost, at once picked up the gage of battle, and articles were drawn for a fight for £100 a side. The first meeting took place down the river on the 6th of January last, when, after fighting 62 rounds, in three hours, darkness came on just at the time when Tom seemed to have victory within his grasp. A second meeting was appointed for February 10th, when they fought for £100 a side and a bet of £100 a side, near the same spot where the first meeting took place. On this occasion Sayers appeared in finer condition than at the former encounter, and at once took the lead, which he never lost. Jones took a very good licking, and was finally compelled to knock under in 85 rounds, lasting two hours. The finishing blow, as doubtless our readers remember, was a terrific right hander on the goggle, the mark of which still remains to disfigure Aaron's otherwise good looking mug. It was at a dinner given at Nat Langham's to celebrate this victory that the match with the Tipton Slasher was made. Some chaff arose between Jemmy Massey and one of Tom's backers, and ultimately Jemmy offered to back the Slasher against Sayers, for £200 a side. Sayers seemed delighted at the chance, and authorized his friend to stake a fiver to bind the bargain. This was done, and the following week articles were drawn up and all preliminaries adjusted. Tom was even now pretty fit to fight, so that he had only to keep himself tolerably steady, and did not require that great amount of work which necessarily devolved upon the Slasher. He starred it about the country for a time, and finally went into active training about six weeks back in the neighborhood of Hastings. Here he worked with great assiduity, and until last week was allowed to remain unmolested. On Friday last, however, he got intelligence that the "traps" were on his scent, and he had to move away in double quick time, to avoid their clutches. The wisdom of this move was fully proved on the following morning, when the house where he had been living was surrounded by Bobbies, who kept their ground for some hours before they could be persuaded that the bird had flown. Tom came straight to London, just escaping another posse of medlers, who were sent to certain stations on the line to intercept him, but who arrived just too late. Of course it was unsafe for him to remain in London, and he proceeded at once in another direction, where he remained until Tuesday morning, when he, in common with the Slasher, joined the expedition at Tilbury. There were many complaints at the benefit that the men did not show, but under the circumstances of the case, it would have been perilous in the extreme for them to do so, as they would both to a certainty have been nailed, and consigned to durance vile, to the total destruction of the pleasures of the following day. Sayers, as we have before stated, is barely 5ft 8½in, and his fighting weight is about 10st 12lb, but on Tuesday last we should say, from his appearance, he was several pounds above that weight.

THE PLACE OF FIGHTING, AND HOW WE GOT THERE.

It being stipulated by the articles that we were to name the place of fighting, we found ourselves in a perfect quandary last week when we were called upon to indicate a spot. It was originally intended that two vessels should be hired, one to convey the men and their friends and one to convey a select party of Corinthians alone, who were anxious to witness the sport without encountering those *contretemps* so general on water excursions; but, owing to the impossibility of procuring boats, the latter part of the scheme was knocked on the head; and indeed, up to Friday last, it seemed as if no vessel could be obtained, even for the conveyance of the men. On that day, however, a gentleman came forward, and offered a vessel at a very high figure, and then only on condition that the number on board should be limited to 250 persons. Under the circumstances, his offer was gratefully accepted, and it was arranged that the good ship should await the arrival of the company at Southend on Tuesday morning, and thence convey them whither they chose to go. On arriving at Southend, we found it was blowing a gale from the S. E., and there was a heavy sea on. The boat could not come alongside the pier, and it was with great difficulty that the passengers were able to get on board. When we were all on board, the vessel steamed out to sea, and rounded the Nore Light. The company reached the appointed spot by half-past one o'clock, and the ring was pitched as soon as possible. The men entered it between two and three, but just as all was arranged, the company seated, and the drssing commenced, a bevy of blues was seen swiftly approaching the ring. *Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day, and all rushed off to the steamboats, many, in their anxiety, making for the wrong vessels, and many mistakes consequently occurring. All, however, got on board, one or the other, by three o'clock, and a move was made some miles further on to an island, where a second debarkation speedily took place. Another ring was pitched, and round it were quickly ranged some 3,000 persons. The movements of the steamer had put all the frequenters of the river on the *qui vive*, and the water was studded with boats and sailing vessels of various sizes conveying their numerous freights to the scene of action. The ground selected was excellent for milling purposes, and the inner and outer-ring were formed with as much expedition as possible, for fear of further interruption. A good business was transacted in the sale of inner ring tickets, the amount realized by which was £47 2s 6d, the largest sum ever received for a like purpose. The number of Corinthian sportsmen was the largest we ever remember at the ring side, and the spectators most orderly. At half-past 4 the men entered the ring ready for business; Sayers attended by Nat Langham and Bill Hayes, and the Slasher under the superintendence of Tass Parker and Jack Macdonald, perhaps the best pair of seconds that could be found in any place. No time was cut to waste in preliminaries; the colors were tied to the stakes—blue and white spot for Sayers, and the old blue bird's eye fogle for the Slasher—and at twelve minutes to five they were delivered at the scratch, the betting being 6 to 5 on the old one.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On toeing the scratch the contrast between the men was, as may be imagined, most extraordinary. The could Tipton topped his adversary at least four inches, and it looked to the uninitiated "a horse to a hen." His immense frame and ponderous muscular arms and legs seemed calculated to bear him to victory against four such men as Sayers. He looked all full of confidence, and evidently considered he had a very easy little job before him. He was thinner than we expected to see him, and his condition generally was very fair, but there were the usual indications of age upon certain points where the fullness and roundness of youth had disappeared from his form. He looked all his age (38), indeed by many he was thought to be far on the shady side of 40. His attitude was ungainly, but still he was rough and ready, and the question that suggested itself to our minds was "how was Sayers to get at him?" Tom Sayers, as he advanced to meet his antagonist, was the perfection of manly strength and athletic development. His fine broad shoulders, small loins, and powerful arms and legs, were all turned in one of Nature's best lathes, and there was not a fault to find unless it was that he had two or three pounds more flesh than was necessary about his back and ribs. His attitude for attack or defence was admirable, and however confident the Slasher was, it was perfectly obvious that Sayers was not one whit behind him in that respect. The Slasher had evidently made up his mind to set to work at once and cut his man down in a jiffey. He lumbered in like a large bear, let go both hands with more vigor than judgment, but did not get home, and Sayers, in stepping back, fell, but at once jumped up to renew the round. The Slasher went at him, put in a little one on the skull, and Tom again fell.

2. The Slasher came up evidently with greater confidence than ever, and lunged out his right, which reached Tom's ribs, with great force, and Tom countered him sharply on the mouth, drawing *first blood*. The Slasher looked astonished, stopped to consider a moment, and again went in swinging his great arms like the sails of a windmill. Sayers danced lightly out of harm's way, and then, stepping in, popped a tidy smack on the spectacle beam, and got away laughing. After dancing round his man, and easily avoiding several more lunges, Tom again got home on the snuffer-tray, removing a piece of the japan, and drawing a fresh supply of the ruby. The Tipton, annoyed, rushed in, missed his right, and also a terrific upper cut with his left, and Sayers again dropped in upon the smeller. After this, slight exchanges took place, the Slasher too slow to be effective. He now chased Sayers all over the ring, the latter dancing round him like a wild Indian, or fleeing like a deer, to draw him after him. The vicious blows aimed by the Slasher all fell upon the air, and his exertions to catch his nimble antagonist caused him to blow off steam to an indefinite extent. Had one of the intended compliments alighted upon Tom Sayers, we think it would have been all over with him. After Sayers had completed his dance he went to his man, cleverly avoided a good right-hander, and delivered another very hot one on the snout (more Badminton). The Tipton tried his heavy punches again three times, and missed; a fourth attempt was prettily stopped, after which both hit short. The Tipton next got on Tom's right cheek with the left, but not heavily, and some very pretty stopping followed on both sides, after which the Tipton made another rush like a bull at a gate, and found himself once more battling with vacancy, Tom having slipped under his arm, and danced off laughing. The Slasher looked with astonishment and shook his nut. Sayers again approached, and after one or two feints a good exchange took place, Sayers getting on to the left eye and the Slasher on the ribs. Sharp counter hits followed, Slasher on the gob, and Tom on the cheek. Tom now led off with his double, but the Slasher stopped him prettily twice in succession, but he missed his return. The Slasher again pounded away, principally with his right, but without effect, as Sayers jumped back or stopped every effort. Sayers now planted a stinger with the left on the mark, and stopped the return. The next minute he got sharply home on the sneezer, and jumped quickly away from a well-intended upper cut, which looked like a finisher. The Slasher now stopped one or two pretty leads, but his return came so slowly that Sayers was far out of harm's way. This occurred several times, the Slasher rushing about like a baited bull, Sayers skipping and nimbly getting away from every rush. After a little of this entertainment Sayers went in, let go his left, and was stopped neatly, and he in turn stopped two very round hits on the part of Perry. Sayers next feinted, and got home a slashing left-hander on the right cheek, which he cut severely, and drew a plenteous supply of ruby. Another hit fell on the same spot. The Slasher then got a little one on Tom's body, and tried again, but Tom got away. The Slasher retired to his corner to get his mug wiped, and, on coming out again, Tom led him another dance all over the ring, the old one, with more haste than speed, trying to catch him, and repeatedly expending his strength in empty space. At last Sayers, having given him a good turn at this game, stopped to see whether he was pumped, and some good exchanges followed, Sayers again on the damaged cheek, and the Slasher also reaching the cheek. Mutual stopping followed, and Sayers next got home heavily on the conk. The Slasher now stopped Tom, and returned, but not heavily, on the top of his nut, which led to exchanges—Tom on the squinter and Bill on the ribs. After one or two more exchanges, another tremendous counter took place, Tom receiving on the mouth and the Slasher on the nozzle, each drawing the carmine. The Slasher having next made several misses, went in, and another sharp counter was exchanged, Tom receiving on the brain-pan and the Slasher on the beak, from which more home-brewed escaped. Each now had a wipe of the sponge, and Tom treated his opponent to another game of follow-my-leader all over the ring, in the course of which the Slasher caught him a heavy right-hander on the back. He then stopped Tom's left, and heavy counters followed—Tom on the suorter and Slasher on the forehead, knocking him down (*first knock down* for Slasher). This round lasted nearly half an hour.

3. The Slasher came up laughing, but he was evidently bent on mischief; Sayers smiled, tried his left, and was stopped, and the Slasher, as usual, missed two swinging right handers. Tom dodged, popped his left on the mark, and then on the forehead, got a little one on the ribs, and exchanges followed, Tom getting home on the left goggle, and Tipton on the mouth. Some heavy give and take fighting followed, Tom getting more juice from the Slasher's right cheek, and receiving one or two smart ones on the neck and side of his nut. Mutual stopping, feinting, and dodging, until Tom got home on the mark, and the Slasher again followed him all over the ring, hitting out of distance, and with no manner of judgement. Finding he could no nothing, the Slasher put down his hands, and retired for another wipe from Jack Macdonald, and then renewed his exertions, when some pretty stopping took place on both sides, after which Sayers got home on the left side of the nob, but was stopped in another essay. The Slasher stopped two more well intended ones, and then got home on the side of Tom's cranium; Sayers returned very heavily on the snorer, once more turning on the tap. Tom now dodged, and then got home heavily on the damaged cheek—a tremendous hit, and again did the home-brewed appear. The Slasher retired to be cleaned, and came again viciously, but Sayers pinked him on the smeller, receiving a slight return on the top of the nut. More futile efforts on the part of the Slasher, whose friends called upon Sayers to stand still and be hit, but Tom wisely declined. He had orders to keep his man on his legs and fight him at long shots, and these orders he carried out most excellently. Again and again did the

"No catchee no havee" was Tom's maxim, and he kept to his active tactics. The Slasher persevered, and Sayers stopped his left and right, and then turned away laughing and shaking his noddle. Perry could not make it out, and turned to his second as if to inquire what he should so. At last he went at it again and got home on the body, receiving in return on the kisser. Some sparring followed, until the Tipton again led off, and was short with both hands. Finding he could do nothing, he retired to his corner, where he stood leaning on the ropes, Tom waiting and beckoning him to the scratch. After a rest the Slasher came out, feinted at Tom, but was quickly nailed on the left cheek. He tried again, and got home heavily on the ribs, and Sayers fell. Time, one hour and four minutes.

5. Perry still adhered to his boring tactics, but Tom was far too quick on his pins, and easily avoided him. Another attempt was stopped, and from a third Sayers got easily away. A fourth was missed, and Tom returned on the left cheek, which led to heavy exchanges on the side of the head, and Tom fell, the Slasher falling over him.

6. The Slasher came up laughing, and let go his left, but out of distance; good exchanges followed, Sayers effecting another lodgment on the right cheek, and increasing the cut in that quarter, and the Slasher getting home on the cranium. The Slasher, after another ill-directed rush, again retired to his corner, had a drink and a wipe, and then came again, and Sayers stopped his deliveries with the greatest ease. The Slasher persevered, and Tom led him another morris dance, but they afterwards got close, and slight exchanges ended in the Slasher falling.

7. The Tipton, after some boring, just got on Tom's nut, and each then missed a blow. The Slasher persevered, and Tom countered on the left side of his forehead with his right, after which Perry retired to his corner, whither Sayers followed him, and the Slasher at once lunged out at the cheek, but not effectually. He now made another of his wild onslaughts, but only to be disappointed, and he next stopped both Tom's mawleys. Some sparring followed, both being slightly blown, and the Slasher then stopped Tom's left, and returned with his right on the body. After a few more misses they got close, and Tom delivered a heavy spank on the left ogle, and fell from the force of his own blow. [One hour fifteen minutes.]

8. Perry showed a bump under the left peeper, but he came up smiling, and let go his left and right, both of which were stopped. He then stood blowing, until Sayers went to the attack, and some mutual pretty stopping took place, followed by several misses on either side. The Slasher once more retired to rest in his corner, but was fetched out by Sayers, who then got home on the side of the nob, and neatly avoided a return. Both were now rather wild in their lunges, and the Slasher, who pursued his man most vigorously, repeatedly missed his blows. Tom at length caught him on the cut-water, drawing a fresh supply from the best bin, and the Slasher walked off to borrow Jack Macdonald's wipe. Tom followed, and got home very heavily on the mark and then on the mouth, renewing the cataract from that beautiful cavern. Sharp exchanges in favor of Sayers followed, and in the end both fell.

9. The Slasher came up slowly. Notwithstanding his severe punishment his seconds sent him up beautifully clean, and in fact their attention throughout was beyond all praise. He tried again and again to plant upon the agile Sayers, but in vain. Sayers stopped him at all points, and then delivered a heavy left-hander on the mark. Some sparring followed, and Sayers stopped several heavy lunges, the Tipton in return stopping his left. Tom, in another attempt, got on the damaged cheek, increasing the cut, and the Tipton walked to his corner, whither Tom followed him, but on the Slasher making his usual lunge Sayers jumped back. Perry followed, and some pretty taps and stops, without mischief, took place. The Slasher then hit out of distance several times in succession, but on getting close some neat exchanges followed, Tom on the mark, heavily, and Perry on the cheek, but not effectively. Perry once more bored in, and delivered his right, but it was a mere fly blow. Tom missed his prop with the left, and the Slasher retired for a drink. Tom thought this an example worth following, and, after the inner man was refreshed, they went to work again, and sharp exchanges, all in favor of Sayers, followed; he kept playing on the Slasher's damaged conk and cheek, his double being very effective, while Perry's blows appeared to leave no mark. Tom now stopped several well-intended blows, and returned heavily on the right cheek with his left. Perry, although getting slower every minute, gamely persevered, put in his right and left on the body, and then hit short with both hands. More mutual stopping ensued, until they got close, when the Slasher dashed his right at the body, but Tom met him with a very straight left hander on the mouth, drawing more of the elixir of life, and with his right planted very severely on the nozzle. Another sharp one on the mouth caused the Slasher to stagger and fall, and Tom fell over him. The Slasher evidently was fast going; the last three blows, particularly the right hander, were very heavy, and the game old fellow was almost abroad, and was very slow to time.

10 and last. The Slasher crawled very slowly to the scratch, and attempted to lead off. It was, however, only an attempt, Tom easily avoided it, and planted a tremendous hit on the mark, stopping the return with ease. He stopped two more attemps, and then as the Slasher lunged out a third time he caught him with the left on the damaged cheek and the right on the mouth, cutting his upper lip very severely, and the Slasher fell, Tom on him. The Slasher was carried to his corner, and, with some difficulty, was got round in time to go to the scratch for another round. His dial, however, was dreadfully punised, and his lip was so much cut that he presented a piteous appearance. It was evident he had not slightest chance; he was as weak as a kitten, and entirely at the mercy of his adversary, who was perfectly scatheless and apparently as active as when he began, and Owen Swift, the Slasher's principal backer, seeing the state of things, stepped into the ring, and with praiseworthy humanity declared he should fight no more. Perry was very unwilling to give up without one more shy, but Owen was imperative. He insisted upon the man shaking hands, and the sponge was then thrown up, Tom Sayers being proclaimed the winner, and the Champion of England, amid the cheers of his partisans, at the expiration of one hour and 42 minutes.

No time was now lost in getting on board the vessels, the majority of the spectators making for the larger vessel, for which they had no tickets, and taking advantage of the absence of the authorities on shore to scramble on board before demands could be made upon them to show their credentials. The charterers of the Widgeon did not display much consideration for their patrons, as we understand they steamed off almost immediately on the conclusion of the mill, leaving the majority of their customers to their fate.

It was fortunate for Sayers that he finished his task at the time he did, for scarcely had the men left the ring when the same body of Peelers who had interfered before, arrived upon the ground, just too late to put their kind intentions into effect, and we understand it was only the difficulty in getting a boat that prevented their arrival at an earlier hour.

As soon as all were on board the regular boat a consultation was held as to the course that ought to be pursued, and the general opinion having been taken, it was resolved to make for Strood, instead of giving the navigators another turn around the Nore, and by eight o'clock a landing was effected at that town, and nearly all were enabled to reach town by eleven o'clock in the evening. On the voyage to Strood Tom Sayers went round among the Corinthians and made a collection for his fallen but game opponent, which amounted to the sum of £22 5s, which will, no doubt, be largely increased on Monday next, when the stakes are to be handed to Tom Sayers, at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle street; and when, should the subscriptions for the same come in, in the meantime, he will be invested with the new Champion's Belt, to be held by him against all comers for three years, in which event it will become his own absolute property.

REMARKS.

The account of this battle tells its own tale, and calls for scarcely any remarks at our hands. From the first to last it was evident that the Tipton Slasher's star had sunk below the horizon, and that he was no longer "The Slasher." He must have felt from the very first that, barring an accident, he had not the slightest chance. All his quickness and activity had left him, and we could not help thinking that his eyesight also must be failing, for times out of number did he lunge out and attempt to deliver upper cuts when Tom Sayers was far beyond his reach, and these blows were of such tremendous force that they must have tended to take much of the steel out of him. It appeared to us that from the very beginning he adopted a wrong principle. For a heavy, lumbering man, like himself, to attempt to force the fighting, and pursue a lithe, active fellow, such as Sayers, was perfectly ridiculous, as he evidently felt towards the conclusion of the battle, and we should imagine that he must many times since have regretted that he did not adhere to his original intention of awaiting the attack and depending upon his powers as a counter-hitter to bring him through. That he did his best to please his backers and to bring the fight off in his favor cannot for a moment be denied, and that he took his severe punishment without a murmur was self-evident. He has always had the character of being a game man, and that character he will carry with him into the retirement which must now be his lot. (We cannot believe he will have the hardihood again to try his fortune in the P. R.) He tells us that early in the fight he injured his right hip in one of his sudden twists to catch his opponent, and this materially interfered with his powers. It is to be hoped that at the joint benefit of himself and Tom Sayers, announced below, he will be able to carry off with him such tokens of appreciation of his manliness as will enable him to start in business and keep the wolf from his door for the remainder of his days. Tom Sayers fought strictly to orders throughout, and his coolness and judgment must have greatly enhanced his reputation among his friends. Some persons present commented upon his retreating tactics, and contended that this was not fair fighting, but as these remarks proceeded from the enemy's camp they are worth but little. Of course it would have been infinitely more pleasing to them had Tom stood and slogged away against an adversary of so much heavier metal until he was disabled by a chance blow, but such a course would have been perfect madness on his part. How his jumping or running away could be called unfair so long as he confined himself within the ring we cannot conceive. The ring is always constructed of a certain size for the express purpose of restraining the combatants within certain bounds, and within those bounds a man has a perfect right to retreat and jump about as long as he likes, so that he does not decline to face his opponent; and that Tom Sayers for one moment declined to continue the battle cannot by any one be maintained. How far his jumping about and exertions upon his legs were advisable for his own sake is another question, and we are inclined to think that he might have kept out of harm's way with far less exertion, and reserved much of his strength against any unlooked-for contingency, had he restrained his peristaltic energies within more reasonable bounds. If the Slasher had been younger and more active, it is not improbable that the gallant Tom would have found out to his cost, as the battle progressed, the benefit of such a mode of fighting. As it turned out, however, no harm was done, and as he achieved such an easy victory, none of his friends can for one moment complain. That his retreating arose from any want of confidence is a proposition not to be entertained for a moment. Never in his brilliant career has he shown the semblance of the white feather, and we feel assured that the only causes to which his method of fighting the Slasher can be set down, are caution, a desire to please his friends, and an extraordinary exuberance of animal spirits. As will be seen below, he will ere long have to answer the call of another aspirant to the belt; and we trust that whenever he again enters the magic circle, he will be as well up to the mark, and fight with the same manliness, good temper, and desire to sustain his hard earned reputation, as he exhibited on Tuesday last.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR SAYERS.—We have received the following from Caunt:—"Sir: Unaccustomed as I am to public challenging, long laid upon the shelf as I have been, it may perchance startle the sporting world to learn that Ben Caunt is once more a candidate for the Championship. It is true that in the bosom of my family I would have endeavored to finish a life peacefully that has been interspersed with many troubles and vexations; but as an Englishman, as a veteran pugilist—as Ben Caunt, in fact—I can no longer endure that a middle weight should hold that proud eminence for which I and others fought hard battles; and I say they shall go no further without proving to me in the ring that all the knowledge I ever gained in it was useless. Therefore, win or lose with Langham, I challenge Tom Sayers for £200 a side and the Championship; the contest to take place within six months of my forthcoming fight. My money is ready at your office; and I trust that this offer will be accepted, in order that the world may be as speedily as possible undeceived with regard to the merits of the much vaunted new school of British boxing.

June 18, 1857. Yours obediently, BENJAMIN CAUNT."

Caunt has left £10 in our hands to prove he is in earnest.

TOM PADDOCK AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—Tom Paddock is by no means satisfied that Tom Sayers should win the Champion's Belt without a struggle, and he has therefore called upon us to state that he can be backed against Sayers for any sum, from £100 a side up to £500. To fight in five or six months. He will be at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, on Wednesday next.

CRICKET.

MATCHES TO COME.

THE following is a list of matches arranged to be played, as far as we are yet cognizant. We shall feel great pleasure in enlarging it, if correspondents will be so good as to furnish us with the necessary particulars.

JULY 8.—2d Eleven of St. George vs. Yonkers, (return) at Hoboken.
13.—Eleven of New York and St. George vs. Eighteen of Albany, Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester, at Albany.
22.—Johnstown vs. Union of Amsterdam, at Amsterdam, (return.)
22.—New York vs. St. George, at Hoboken.
25.—2d Eleven of New York vs. Yonkers (return) at Yonkers.
29.—St. George vs. Newark, at Newark.
AUG. 5.—1st Eleven of New York vs. Sixteen of Newark, (return) at Newark.
15.—2d Eleven of New York vs. 2d Eleven of Newark, (return) at Hoboken.
19.—United States vs. Canada, in Canada.
SEPT. 9.—New York vs. St. George, (return) at Hoboken.
16.—St. George vs. Newark, (return) at Hoboken.
23.—New York vs. Sixteen of Albany, place not named.
30.—St. George 2d Eleven vs. Bridgeport, (return) at Bridgeport.

FOURTH OF JULY SPORTS AT HOBOKEN.—From an early hour in the morning the ferry boats from New York were crowded to their fullest extent by peaceably disposed citizens who were anxious to escape the smell of powder and constant banging of pistols, which is invariably connected with the observance of the day in the good city of Gotham. The Elysian Fields, Cricket ground, and the adjacent hills, dales and shrubberies, were thronged with pic-nic, base-ball, and cricket parties, who took advantage of the day to enjoy their several sports and pastimes. Each of the three cricket clubs, St. George, New York and Manhattan, were well represented, the different members showing off their skill with the willow and leather to the best advantage, and evident delight of their companions. The base-ball fraternity were also well represented, their different games being followed up with a zeal which was highly commendable. The appearance of the grounds was much enhanced by the presence of numbers of ladies and children who were engaged for the most part in "tripping the light fantastic toe," scupping, running, jumping, and any quantity of laughing, while ever and anon the immense and well filled baskets were visited to appease the sharpened appetites created by these innocent and healthy pastimes. Nothing of an unpleasant nature occurred during the day, mirth and jollity being the prevailing sentiments. Towards evening the various groups gradually disappeared as orderly and quietly as they came, their countenances beaming with satisfaction, and appearing as if they had experienced enjoyment to its fullest extent. Lager bier and other saloons appeared to be doing a thriving business, and no doubt from the amount of exercise taken they were considered by the majority very desirable institutions. For our own part we enjoyed ourselves immensely, and it will be some time before we disconnect the idea of, Hoboken and the glorious fourth.

POUGHKEEPSIE VS. AMSTERDAM.—This match was not finished on the 3d inst., play having been put a stop to through the unfavorable state of the weather. There seems to have been some misunderstanding in reference to the resumption of play after the rain, and in reference to which we have received two or three rather different versions, asking our decision. It may be found by referring to our correspondent column, in answer to "Amsterdam." We feel sorry that the difference should have arisen, and, considering that the match was not likely to have been played out on that day, we would suggest, with all due respect to the law and gentlemen of Amsterdam, that some other day be fixed on for its conclusion, as such disputes as the one in question tend to the injury of the generally good character of the game, which all true lovers thereof should strive to preserve intact. Space forbids our enlarging on the subject, hence we leave it with you, gentlemen, with the hope that the scores may be completed and sent us for publication in our next issue, believing it will be the most satisfactory to all parties.

NEW YORK CITY VS. ALBANY, ROCHESTER, UTICA AND SYRACUSE.—As the day approaches for this great contest in cricket, which is to take place at Albany, the attention of the fraternity and mankind generally is turned more and more towards that favored spot. Monday next, the 13th inst., is the day fixed on; great preparations are being made, and it is estimated should the weather prove at all favorable that there will be from six to seven thousand people present. Those who intend going will do well to engage their accomodations at once. Clear the track! and then, look out for fun!

POSTPONEMENT.—The match between the New York and St. George Cricket Clubs was postponed through the inclemency of the weather, from the 1st to the 22d inst.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.—Philadelphia, July 4th.—DEAR CLIPPER: A very interesting match was played on the ground of the Philadelphia Club to-day between eleven married men of Philadelphia versus eighteen bachelors, which resulted in the signal defeat of the benedicts in one innings and 45 runs.

Before nine o'clock, it being a general holiday, crowds of spectators wended their way over the Jersey sands to the cricket field, some being lovers of the game, others merely to obtain a knowledge of the manly sport of which they at present hear so much. At 10½ o'clock there were several hundred people present, among whom we are happy to say were the happy faces of a few of the fair sex.

The penny being whirled in the air, and having fallen as predicted by the captain of the bachelors, they took the bat against the bowling of Senior and Waller (the latter of the St. George's Club of your city.) The first half dozen wickets fell to Senior in rapid succession, the boys not being equal to his terrific pace, till Hunt and Jones Wister made a very good stand; the former, after making 10, being run out evidently through the fault of his partner, (7 wickets for 38 runs;) Cadwalader, F. Wister, Byard, and Kuhn, being rapidly disposed of, the 11th wicket went down for 54 runs; when Collis and Howe got together, and maintained their positions for over two hours, Collis playing very steadily, and Howe taking advantage of every loose ball. Collis was at last caught by Waller, he having made an excellent 25; this, the 12th wicket, fell for 118 runs, being an increase of 64 over the 11th. Collis's "on drives" off Senior were much admired, even by the veteran Senior himself. W. R. Wister and Howe made a stand for a short time, when Wister was caught at the "mid off" for a very good 8, and Howe was bowled by Waller for 42, consisting of three 3's, 8 doubles, &c. This player seems to have the power of slashing even the most perfect bailer, and woe to the ball that comes near his leg. The three next men being disposed of by Senior, the eighteen went down for 145 runs.

The Eleven then got to the bat, but nothing very worthy of remark occurred in their innings, save, perhaps, a very well obtained 12 by Waller, all singles; and a stylish 11 by Senior, one four, leg-hit over the fence, off Hunt, two doubles, and three singles. The whole side having made but 48 runs, followed their innings, according to the one day rule. In this, their 2d innings, the only stand made was by Facon and Senior, each being early in their innings missed at the slips, but were eventually caught—Facon at the long field and Senior at the wicket. The score only amounting to 52, and the total to 100 runs, the Bachelors were declared the victors in one innings, with 45 runs to spare. Annexed is the score:

SINGLE.—First Innings.

1. Boller b Senior	5	11. Collis c and b Waller	25
2. Barclay b Senior	4	12. Hall b Senior	5
3. Hunt run out	10	13. Howe b Waller	42
4. Massey b Senior	0	14. W. R. Wister c Kitchenman b Waller	8
5. White b Senior	1	15. Baines run out	2
6. Jones Wister b Senior	8	16. Alsop b Senior	1
7. Cadwalader b Senior	0	17. L. Wister b Senior	3
8. F. Wister c Richardson b Waller	2	18. Waterman not out	0
9. Bayard b Senior	0	Byes 12, leg byes 4, wides 10	26
10. Kuhn c Nichols b Senior	3		
Total			145

MARRIED.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Waller b Hunt	12	c Howe b Hunt	2
2. Holland run out	4	b Collis	4
3. Sharratt c Massey b Hunt	2	c Kuhn b Collis	4
4. Senior run out	11	c Barclay b Hunt	12
5. Hawthorne c and b Hunt	0	c W. R. Wister b Hunt	4
6. Richardson c Baines b Hunt	0	not out	1
7. Facon c W. R. Wister b Hunt	2	c Massey b Hunt	18
8. Dusenberry b Hunt	1	c Boller b Hunt	0
9. Kitchenman c Barclay b Hunt	0	c Waterman b Collis	0
10. Nicholas c W. R. Wister b Hunt	2	run out	0
11. Kelley not out	1	b Collis	1
Leg byes 2, wides 10, no ball 1	13	Leg bye 1, wides 5	6
Total	48	Total	52

The fielding on both sides was indifferent; Facon at Point, Hall at Leg, and Bayard at Slip, having each missed two easy catches.

The bowling was on the whole good, but perhaps not up to the usual mark—though Senior and Hunt (left round arm) deserve the praise which the reader will no doubt award them on reading the following

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

MARRIED.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Senior	207	35	13	11	7
Waller	180	49	7	4	2
Holland	48	23	1	0	1
Facon	24	12	0	0	0
SINGLE.—First Innings.					
Hunt	60	17	0	8	5
L. Wister	30	13	1	8	3
Bayard	18	2	0	0	2 *
W. R. Wister	6	2	0	0	0
Second Innings.					
Hunt	61	21	0	5	0
Collis	54	13	3	4	0
Jones Wister	6	4	0	0	0
Waterman	12	3	0	0	3
F. Wister	12	4	0	0	2

Truly yours, FELIX.

THE TURF.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Trotting, Saturday, July 4, match $1,000, mile heats in harness.

H. Woodruff, b. g. Brattleborough	1	1
W. Peabody, b. g. Losee	2	2

Time, 2:52; 2:49.

RUNNING RACE AT FORDHAM—July 4, for a purse of $50, quarter mile heats, best 3 in 5:

G. Holberton, of Yonkers, entered Lady Jane	1	1
Mr. Lewis, Westchester, entered Lady Fisher	2	2
Mr. Parker entered Nicholas	3	3
W. Cooper entered Young Trustee	4	4

No time taken.

HORSE TROTS AND FOOT RACE AT DOVER, N. H.—Granite State Trotting Park.—Saturday, July 4th—Purse $75, mile heats, in harness.

John Stetson named b. m. Lady Linda	1	1
Ned Henderson named b. h. Jack Rossiter, Jr.	2	2

Time, 2:55; 2:57.

After the trots John Stetson, the pedestrian, amused the multitude by a "short spurt" of his "locomotive powers" by running five miles in 27 min. 40 sec.

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HINTS TO ANGLERS.

To you who love the lonely glade,
Where murm'ring waters gently flow;
To you who love the silent shade,
By osiers and by alders made,
When softly summer breezes blow;
Or should you love the river's tide;
Or should you love the rush-fringed side
Of sedgy pool, where willows wave,
And weeping birch their branches lave
In the still water, where is seen,
Reflected bright, each vivid green:
If you can love such scenes as these,
A life of calm sequestered ease,
And sport devoid of care and strife,
Oh, live with me the Angler's life,
And from the rules I now impart,
With practice, learn the Angler's art.
Dress not in colors bright or gay,
Nor be in gaudy raiment seen,
But let your garments still betray
A modest drab or sober gray,
Or darker brown or Lincoln green:
And when you seek the river's side
Let not your shadow touch the tide,
Lest the sacred fishes shun the bait
And you in vain expectance wait;
When, too, the sun its noontide beam
Sheds fervid o'er the glittering stream,
In vain your line you throw;
But when, on sunless days, the breeze
Blows softly through the rustling trees,
At morn, or eve, or through the night,
When Cynthia sheds her silver light,
Then to the river go,
And drag the scaly victim bright
From the deep wave below.

PECULIARITY IN THE MAKE OF HORSES.

BY HARRY HIBOVER.

THERE are few more unsightly peculiarities in the horse's make than a low or hollow back; it is at all times objectionable in point of appearance, but in many cases I must consider it perfectly hideous. It may be hid in some degree by a very long saddle, with an unusually full-stuffed pummel, both of them very comfortable, both to horse and rider; indeed, unless you go to a first-rate hunting saddler, if you give an unconditional order for a saddle to be made, ten to one but you get one three inches too short, and with scarcely any stuffling, supposed to produce a neat appearance in the pannel. A thin pannel is necessary to a racing saddle, where ounces in point of weight are to be considered. Besides which, they have always one, sometimes more saddle-cloths between them and the horse's back; and be it remembered a jockey is very often not over ten minutes on his horse from the time of saddling and mounting till he carries his saddle into the weighing-house. But with all this, horses that run often during the racing season often exhibit sore backs (and eke sometimes sore shins,) that it is pitiable to see such good animals as many of our platers are exhibit. Many a time have I lent a silk handkerchief to form a protection to the withers of one of these. But enough of saddles.

Low-backed horses naturally give us an idea of weakness; and I must confess I cannot divest myself of the idea that they are in point of supporting strength weaker than others, but not so much so as persons are led to imagine. We are aware that an arch is in itself a tower of strength, independent of any support it may have beneath. But take, we will say, a piece of timber, and be that perfectly straight, or bowed the reverse way to the arch, if it is in this case supported by brickwork or any other substance beneath, it becomes much stronger than the timber would be depending on its own individual strength, be it in what position it may: Thus if we depended on the strength of the vertebræ of the horse for our support, its being arched, running horizontally, or bowed downwards, would be a matter of vital importance; for I should say, figuratively speaking, the mere spine would not alone carry a tom cat. It is the supporting-ribs and muscles that constitute the strength of the back, and from where the ribs end we may be said to be supported by the muscles of the loins that continue beyond the last rib; but here the upper thigh bones lend their support; so that the spine is supported in its whole length by either bone or muscle, or rather by both conjointly. Thus it need not be a matter of as much surprise as it is to many to see some low-backed horses carrying men of considerable weight, seeing that, though the spine dips considerably, it is a fact as much supported by bone and muscle as if it ran horizontally or was arched. I add that it is not in itself individually as strong; but the support it receives renders it quite capable of performing its destined duty.

As some set-off to the objections to hollow-backed horses, they are mostly comfortable to sit on, easy in their movements, and in leaping, the rider feels as if sitting on a swing or an easy seat. Horses rising in the spine, technically called "roach-backed ones," are the reverse. They are apt to be somewhat rough in their motions, and are frequently difficult to sit close on their leaps. A horse remarkably strong across his loins, though an admitted merit, sometimes gives his rider such a cant when leaping, particularly at high jumps, that, unless he sits well back and prepares himself for the shock, he would find himself most unpleasantly forward, if not off. I had one who not only did this, but it would sometimes, when fresh, jump half as high again as was necessary. I forgive him this, knowing that however high or wide the leap might be, he was sure to go high and wide enough for it; figuratively speaking, there appeared to be no limit to his powers. I have often regretted since I have never tried how high or wide he could jump.

From what I have said of hollow-backed horses, it is quite clear I would not purchase one or buy him for a friend; but for a woman, I hold a somewhat low-backed horse not to be objectionable—in fact, far preferable to one with the spine unusually elevated. In the first place, the appearance of a low back is, (supposing a horse to carry his saddle where he ought to do,) nearly hidden by the length of a properly-made lady's saddle. As I before stated, the easiness of all the motions of such horses is a great desideratum to a female, whose attributes as a gentlewoman are not those of a female rough-rider, who may perhaps with truth assert she can ride *anything*. A lady should be composed and gentle on horseback as we wish to see her in all situations in life. Let her be as perfect, and still more as elegant, a horse-woman as the best instruction can make her; but do not give her a horse that, by make, gait, or disposition, would mar her proficiency.

I should say ladies who ride much on horseback seldom get on their saddle at a weight exceeding nine stone seven, or at most ten stone, consequently they ride; with an eighteen pound saddle, at most eleven stone eight. Supposing, therefore, a hollow-backed horse not to be able to carry the same weight as others, he must be a very weak one indeed, and consequently totally unfit to carry a woman, if with her riding, either with hounds or on the road, he is at all incommoded by such weight; in fact, a lady's horse should always be able to carry a stone or two above the weight she rides; this keeps him always fresh, and above his work, on which circumstance his pleasantry and safety in carrying her mainly depends.

I have still another plea, in fairness, to bring forward in favor of low-backed horses, or rather, to mitigate the sweeping objections entertained against them by most men (myself for one.) I have remarked low backs to be less likely to get sore than those of which the spine is more elevated. I allude to the part under the saddle; low-backed horses usually have the muscles of the back running higher up to the spine than others. I have seen them, when fat, have these muscles so high and prominent, that the spine bone was actually below them, or, at all events, not higher. A horse with an elevated spine requires his saddle to be stuffed unusually full, so as to prevent the seat of the saddle resting on it. Persons may say that the part of a saddle over the spine consists only of the lining and pig's-skin over it. Granted; but these are quite enough to chafe when the pores of the skin are in a state of perspiration—independent of which, it is not very pleasant to the rider to feel the back as it were like the edge of a board beneath his seat, which will be the case unless the saddle is stuffed purposely for the particular horse.

Low-backed horses, as an objection (at least one in my eyes), are apt to show a little exuberance of carcase: in fact, the body, being lower than usual (from peculiarity of make above), becomes naturally more pendant below; thus, supposing a low backed horse to have the same length of rib as another, and the abdominal muscles in proportion, they must give him the appearance of a more dropping carcase than other horses. Whether on actual measurement this might prove to be the case or not (for in low-backed ones the spine usually only dips behind the wither), the measurement from the wither to the bottom of the brisket will be found pretty much the same as with other horses. Now, in my opinion, the beauty of the brisket of a horse consists in its running upwards from the back of the fore-legs about a foot or more. Here is the proper place for the girths; from there the body should fall a little to form a proper and handsomely-proportioned carcase. A good carcase is handsome, and desirable in a horse; but this is not belly, which can only be tolerated in a cart-horse, and he looks infinitely better the less he has of it. I do not say that low-backed horses actually have this monstrous objection; I merely state they are apt to have the appearance of it.—[*London Field.*

HUNTING LAWS OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE following translation of the Hunting Laws of the Britons will, we think, prove both amusive and instructive to our readers. Thoroughly convinced of their genuineness, we feel assured that they will be considered curious by readers in general, but particularly acceptable to sportsmen, as they are the Game Laws, by which sportsmen regulated their conduct in the days of yore.

Of the nine kinds of game, three are common; 1. the stag; 2. a swarm of bees; 3. salmon. The 1. bear, 2. climber, and 3. pheasant, are baited game; and the 1. fox, 2. hare, and 3. roebuck, are hunted with a shout. The stag is said to be one of the three common kinds of game, first because he is the bravest and most energetic of animals that is chased with hounds and greyhounds; and secondly because he is parted to every one that comes in at his death, and before he is stripped of his skin. For if a man on his journey come up at that time, he shall obtain a part of it, according to law, equal to him that kills it. A swarm of bees is common game, because whoever finds one, either upon his land, or upon the land of another, he must divide it with any person who may come up to him before he has placed a mark upon it; for it is necessary that the finder should mark it to show that he found it first, but if he neglect to do so, whoever comes there shall obtain a part of it, and the proprietor of the land shall have four-pence. Salmon is called common game, because when it is taken in a net, or by a spear, or in any other manner, any one who may come to the spot before it is divided shall have a share equal with the man who caught it, if it be in common water.

The bear is baited game, because its flesh is the best of the chase; neither is it chased to any distance, for it can only move slowly; therefore it is only necessary to bait, bark, and kill it.

A climber is every animal which climbs to the top of the tree for its own defence. When discovered, the hunter ought not to say a marten, wild cat, squirrel, weasel, but to call them the gray climber, the black climber, and the red climber. Now such animals do not push away to any great distance, but merely ascend a tree, where they are hunted by baiting and barking.

A pheasant is called baited game, because, when the dogs come upon it, it generally takes to a tree, where it is hunted by barking and baiting.

The fox is called the noisy game, because it is chased by shouts and blowing of horns, whilst it steadily pursues its course until tired.

The hare is also called the noisy game, because she constantly adheres to a certain course or circle while she is chased.

The roebuck is likewise termed the noisy game for the same reason.

The best flesh of the chase is that of the stag, the hare, the wild boar, and the bear.

If greyhounds shall be let loose after a stag, or any other animal, and the dogs pursue it over a hill, out of sight, and kill it, the game shall belong to the person whose greyhound was foremost when the dogs were last observed. But the owner of a greyhound bitch shall not obtain the skin on account of her superiority, unless she shall be in whelp by the greyhound dog that has the advantage of the skin, and in such a case he shall obtain it.

Respecting the hare, whoever kills her, whether by his dog or any other means, shall have her, if he has been seeking her in the fair chase.

Every one who carries a horn must distinctly know the nine species of game; and if any one cannot give correct answers respecting them, he shall forfeit his horn. And any one who comes to the chase with his leashes about him, and cannot give just replies respecting the nine species of game, shall forfeit his leashes; but if he reply properly his leashes shall remain secure about his arm.

No person shall let loose his greyhound, whether dog or bitch, upon an animal when chased by the hounds, unless both the hounds and greyhound belong to him who is hunting; and if any one do so, the person who is following the hounds may destroy the cord which is fastened about the greyhound so loosened.

No person shall shoot at an animal which is considered game whilst lying in its cover, under pain of forfeiting his bow and arrows to the lord of the manor. But he may shoot, and kill it, if he can, when it is chased; but he must not shoot amongst the dogs.

If any one proceed to the chase and pursue game, and fresh dogs come up with the game so pursued and kill it, he who owns the dogs which started it shall have it, unless the fresh dogs belong to the king.

The game that is chased may ever be claimed by the first sportsman, unless he turns towards home, with his back upon the chase. But if his dogs should be chasing, and he having left them, he can claim nothing of what is killed by fresh dogs, for the game so killed is his to whom the fresh dogs belong.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

THE following from a correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer*, is entitled to an attentive perusal:

The colts should be kept tame. The field in which they are kept should be surrounded by a good fence, or they may acquire unruly habits, and time be lost in hunting them when strayed from the pasture. The first and second winters keep them in a warm stable; if of brick or stone, it must be well ventilated from the top. Feed with good hay, and some bran, turnips or carrots, but not on grain, either whole or cushed, for it is binding, and will make tender-footed, if not crippled horses. The third winter, if large and strong, the colt may be harnessed and driven before a lightsleigh, to get it tame and used to drawing. The fourth winter work it, but not too hard, and do not forget to feed well, but not too much grain. With this treatment, colts will, by this time, make good, serviceable horses. Water often, and but little at a time. In handling, be mild, but not timid. Do not drive too fast, nor load too heavy; groom well, and bed at night, to prevent rolling in the stable and getting fast; many a good horse has been lost in consequence of neglect in this respect, after being driven in the storm or till bathed in perspiration.

HEALTH is the greatest of all bodily pleasures, but the least thought of.

THE TIPTON SLASHER,

AS HE APPEARED AFTER HIS FIGHT WITH TOM SAYERS.

HYDROPHOBIA.

As this is a subject so deeply interesting to the community, the apprehension of which causes so much misery in many cases to mankind, I am still collecting all the information in my power; nor have I yet arrived at one single fact to shake my reiterated belief that the fatal disease has been correctly named, and that it is defined by a hatred, or, more properly speaking, a peculiar abhorence of water. When I say peculiar, that expression arises from the following circumstances. *In thought*, or in the thirst for it, the human patient has no ideal dread; the horror is induced by contact, and in a more advanced stage, by sight or sound or even a cold current of air. It therefore, truly speaking, is not at first an insanity—it is never a mere delusion of the brain—it is simply a nervous affection which the brain, when exerting its influence in a forced attempt to swallow, cannot master. In due time, or as the disease progresses, the brain itself will be excited; and, in regard to the canine race, if the dog is at large and the disease or fever increased by heat consequent on muscular exertion, then all horror attendant on such attacks is promoted and the animal endeavors to bite every living thing he comes near. A dog chained up will die of this fatal disease without one violent symptom; whereas the dog at large will, to use an Indian expression, "run a muck" till he is either destroyed, or exhausted nature forces him to lie down and die. The hotter the climate the more baneful the effect of this *very rare* but terrible disease, for the animal suffers from the usual thirst attendant on fever; but, by a curse attached to this peculiar ailment, he is denied any access to the usual remedy, and a nervous action makes it impossible for him to approach water. If all the dogs *said to be mad or afflicted with hydrophobia* were really so, let any thinking man conceive the miseries that must accrue. There would scarcely be a town or village that would not have sent forth an untaxed cur to propagate death throughout the parishes. Instead of which, we hear of many mad dogs—we know the numbers of dogs that are permitted to go at large, night as well as day—and yet, for all that, an instance of real or undoubted hydrophobia is very rare.

[*Hon. Grantly Burkely.*

CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS NATIONS AT THEIR REPASTS.

THE Maldavian islanders eat alone. They draw down the curtains which serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. An absurd reason may be alleged for their misanthropical repast; they will never eat with one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life. On the contrary, the inhabitants of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs until he meets with one; and, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest. The tables of the rich Chinese shine with beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. The master of the house absents himself while his guests regale at his table with undisturbed revelry. They do not make use of plates, knives or forks, but their food is served up in dishes, out of which they eat in common; and for this purpose every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly. The Otaheitans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, eat separate from each other. At the hour of the repast the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, parents and children, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence. Among the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit his visiters to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France the host wearies himself with singing to divert the company while they eat. The Tartars pull a man by the ear, to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth, they then clap their hands and dance before him.

A CAT STORY.

ONE day the cook in a monastery, when he laid the dinner, found one brother's portion of meat missing. He supposed that he had miscalculated, made good the deficiency, and thought of it no more till the next day, when he had again too little at dinner time by one monk's commons. He suspected knavery, and resolved to watch for the thief. On the third day he was quite sure that he had his meat cut into the right number of portions, and was about to dish it up, when he was called off by a ring at the outer gate. When he came back there was again a monk's allowance gone. Next day he again paid special heed to his calculations, and, when he was on the point of dishing up, again there was a ring at the outside gate to draw him from the kitchen. He went no further than the outside of the kitchen door, when he saw that the cat jumped in at the window, and was out again in an instant with a piece of meat. Another day's watching showed that it was the cat also who, by leaping up at it, set the bell ringing with her paws, and thus having as she supposed pulled the cook out of the kitchen, made the coast clear for her own piratical proceedings. The monks then settled it in conclave that the cat should be left thus to earn for the remainder of her days double rations, while they spread abroad the story of her cunning. So they obtained many visitors, who paid money for good places from which to see the little comedy, and they grew the richer for the thief they had among them. —*Household Words.*

THE TURNPIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.

IT was during the panic in England, some years since, that a gentleman by the name of Thompson, was seated, with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerk paying away thousands of pounds hourly. He was a banker of excellent credit: there existed, perhaps, in the City of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co., but at a moment, such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted; no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt; and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting that his step was, of all others, the most likely to ensure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But, to return, the wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and, with a grim smile, listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier, for, although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate of his resourses, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent rush in and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened and a stranger was ushered in who, after gazing a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair and abruptly addressed him:

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question, but I am a plain man, and like to come to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in in the bank, you had better at once draw it out and satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in your hands."

"Then, may I ask, what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit." The money dealer started. "You seem surprised; you don't know my person or motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect, some twenty years ago, when you resided at Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you pass daily. My father kept that gate and was very often honored with a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, a few moments, and I have done."

The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you; 'thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining; your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So, this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I drew my deposits from my banker and have brought them to lodge with you in case they can be of any use;" and he handed a bundle of notes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger throwing down his card, immediately walked out of the room.

Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30 000! The stern-hearted banker burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire was effected—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.

HOW OLD BILLY G. WAS BAPTISED.

POOR people have a hard time in this little world of ours. Even in matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote sent us by a friend, will illustrate:

Old Billy G. had attended a great revival, and, in common with many others, he was "converted" and baptised. Not many weeks afterwards, one of his neighbors met him reeling home from the court ground with considerable brick in his hat.

"Hello, Uncle Billy!" said the friend, "I thought you had joined the Church!"

"So I did," answered Uncle Billy, making a desperate effort to stand still, "so I did, Jeemes, and would 'a bin a good Baptis' if they hadn't 'a treated me so everlastin' mean at the water. Didn't you never hear about it, Jeemes?"

"Never did."

"Then I'll tell you 'bout it.

"You see, when we cum to the baptisn' place, thar was an' old Jenks, the rich old Squire, was to be dipped same time. Well, the minister tuck the Squire in fust, but I didn't mind that much, as I thought 'twould be jest as good when I cum; so he let him in, an' after dippin' him under, he raised him up mitey keerful, and wiped his face and let him out. Then cum my turn, and instead of lifting me out like he did the old Squire, he give me one slosh, and left me crawlin' about on the bottom like a *d—d mud turtle!*"

SAUSAGE LOTTERY.

A lottery of which the tickets are *eaten* (!!!) is in prosperous operation at Paris, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, No. 142. As every traveller knows, the "Brussels sausages" are savory nutrition. Working-men, particularly, who wish something that will proceed promptly to the replenishment of the exhausted juices of the spine, and without materially taxing the pocket as it passes, dine oftenest on a Brussels sausage. To make a living by the sale of so cheap an article, however, it is necessary to sell many; and Monsieur Vaudendale of the "*Saucisse d'Or*," (as he descriptively names his eating-house,) has hit upon the way to bring this about.

At the usual price and like anybody else, Monsieur Vaudendale sells sausages—but the one you eat at the *Saucisse d'Or* may be a blank or it may be a prize. In every fifty sausages there is one in whose savory bowels is hidden *a gold dollar!* Your chance, therefore, to come upon this pleasant variation of minced meat, is one in fifty. It is said that the number of sausages eaten at this place, since the establishment of the lottery, is truly incredible. So great is the crowd that it is difficult to gain admission at the door; and it is said that this successful lottery principal is to be introduced as an advertisement for many other articles of common use.

CRINOLINE.

WHAT makes woman, now a day?
Intelligence? good looks?
A mind where all the virtues dwell?
No—dry goods hung on hoops!

Ho! whales, that sail the briny deep,
Repine not at your fate;
Your flesh illuminates the world—
Your bones makes women great!

All would be great, but all don't like
A course of education;
Schools, study, books—ah! what are these
Compared with inflatation?

THE LIVELY YANKEE.—Our *yachts* are fairly allowed to be ahead of the world. As a proof of this which is even more expressive than prize winning, that Count de Pontecoulant, a French amateur of fancy sailing has named his yacht "The Lively Yankee!" He lately made a remarkable passage in her across "the channel" and back.